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His Affair

By ... LEON CORCOS

They had planned a quiet wedding . . . Just something new and something blue—or perhaps green or yellow.

It wasn't as though it was going to be a society-page wedding, with bridesmaids and champagne and high banks of flowers behind the minister and around the walls of the church. It was to be a simple ceremony—and inexpensive. Just Susan's parents and Johnny's mother. That way there would be just enough witnesses, and just enough tears and sentimentality to make it a real official marriage.

The reason for such stringent economy lay in the future. Johnny had to finish the engineering course he had started before the war.

There would be two years of struggle, living on the Government grant he would draw under the rehabilitation scheme, and on whatever money Susan could earn in competition with hundreds of other working wives. So their savings were important.

Susan had budgeted the money carefully. There was to be only one bit of wild extravagance. She and Johnny were to buy completely new outfits—one dazzling trousseau apiece!

"We have to be practical about it," Susan said two weeks before the wedding. "The ceremony won't last long, but the clothes will. We mustn't do anything silly!"

"Why not?" Johnny was doodling on the pad that was to be used for plotting out each penny of expenditure. "It'll only happen to us once. And I have no desire to marry a frump!"

"I like that!" Susan pouted. "You know the only reason you proposed to me was because I dressed so well you thought I had a great deal of money!"

"I was certainly fooled, wasn't I? My father always told me I hadn't any business sense!"

Susan settled back in her chair in lazy comfort and surveyed the man she was about to rescue from the jaws of bachelorhood.

"I think," she said, "we ought to dress to please each other. Let's make it a mutual shopping trip, that way we'll both be beautiful!"

Johnny nodded, yawning indifferently, and stretched himself with lazy grace.

They spent the rest of the evening making lists and estimates and planning a practical itinerary which would cover only half the shops in town.

Time was valuable, because Susan's boss could give her only two days for pre-wedding shopping.

The first part of the shopping tour was dedicated to the problem of male apparel. It moved along almost flawlessly. Only a tie caused trouble.

Susan fought determinedly for a soft paisley pattern, and Johnny tried to talk her into a plain knitted or, at most, a subdued stripe.

In the end they bought the paisley, on the condition Johnny would wear it at the wedding, and then either burn it or give it away. It was, he said, his "dowry" to her.

When they launched forth on the female phase of the expedition, Susan was lulled into a feeling of easy security.

Their tastes in selecting Johnny's clothes seemed to run so well together that there should be absolutely no trouble at all with hers, or so she thought. She turned out to be mistaken.

"What sort of dress should I get?" Susan asked speculatively.

"Oh, something trim and brisk and snappy!" Johnny said. He paused in front of a shop window and pointed. "Like that!"

The dress was a sickly yellow crepe. It was trim and brisk and snappy—but Susan shuddered. It was for a tall girl, with lines that were meant to make a figure look smooth and languorous. It would make her look like a boiled potato!

"I don't look well in that shade," she protested feebly. "Must it be so light?"

She had already pictured what she had intended to buy—a tailored suit in a nice shade of blue with almost no trimming and just a hint of a ripple in the jacket.

"Of course it must be light!" Johnny said. "Light clothes are wedding-y."

"What about blue?" Susan was almost wailing.

"Light, of course, but—blue?"

"No!" Johnny shook his head determinedly. "You wear so much of it!"

He shrugged it off with complete casualness, as though a girl could wear purple or orange or—or yellow, regardless of her coloring.

"Let's try something different for a change," he continued jauntily. "A complete departure!"

Please turn to page 4

Susan waited anxiously while Johnny studied the blue suit.

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— Page 3





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SUSAN surren-

dered weakly.

"All right! Not blue. Something trim and brisk and snappy and not blue. But, please, not that one!"

Johnny took a last lingering look at the dress in the window and then followed her along the pavement, studying the displays in each window they passed. The list of limitations grew rapidly.

In desperation Susan went into a large department store where she'd shopped successfully for years, and Johnny trailed conspicuously after her.

She went through the racks, picking out styles and colors that she had worn before and that she considered tried and true. Johnny shook his head with the enthusiasm of a pendulum.

"Isn't it too bright?" he said. Or, "Isn't it too plain?"

Susan watched the list of undesirables slowly absorb every single dress she'd ever worn in her life.

It went on for almost three hours. She pictured herself through Johnny's eyes as having gone around for years looking like a dishrag.

"Johnny!" Susan's voice was choked with tired desperation. "Tell me exactly—what sort of dress do you really like?"

Johnny grinned. "Oh, something trim! And brisk. And—well—sort of snappy!"

"And not blue!" Susan sagged resignedly. "And not print. And not bright and not plain and not tailored! And everything I like is one of those or something worse."

Johnny stared at her in frantic bewilderment. Her sudden anger softened as she watched his growing consternation.

Poor Johnny, she thought, he wasn't enjoying the ordeal any more than she was! He was filled with the embarrassed discomfort of a male trapped in a completely feminine domain.

She was about to relent and apologise when he rose to his feet and dutifully plucked one of the garments from its rack.

"This is nice," he said experimentally. "Try this one on!"

It was nice, all right—and familiar! It was a duplicate of the first dress they'd seen—trim, brisk, snappy, and sickly yellow—and for a tall girl! Susan stared at it in agony.

"But, Johnny," she said, "it's not my style. I'd look terrible in it!" "You would not!" Johnny rose to her defence gallantly. "You'd look well in a sack!"

"But must I wear a sack?" Susan wailed. "At my wedding?"

Johnny stepped back, offended. For almost the first time since Susan had known him, he lost his temper.

"Well, how do I know what you want?" he bellowed. "This whole mess was your idea, not mine! Why don't you come back to-morrow and buy the wretched thing alone?"

He stalked rapidly towards the door.

In the doorway he paused. "I'll wait for you outside."

Susan was too upset to be angry any more. It had been a terrible experience and if it was temporarily over she was glad of it. She'd come back to-morrow.

All that evening Susan and Johnny carefully avoided any discussion of clothes. Even so, a tiny hint of coolness and stubbornness between them made them both miserable, and there were tears in Susan's eyes as she kissed Johnny good-night.

She decided to settle the whole problem once and for all, and right away. Then they could both forget it.

Early the next morning she resumed her search in shops that for years had given her exactly what she wanted.

It didn't work. Somehow, even without him along, she found her-

self looking at everything through Johnny's eyes. She drifted repeatedly, as though driven by an unseen force, to pale yellow dresses. She even tried a few of them on, confirming her suspicions.

In the shop where she'd been with Johnny she climbed miserably into the dress he had pronounced "snappy" and shuddered at the results. It was a little better than the others, but not much.

"I buy a dress so seldom!" she moaned. "How could he do this to me?"

Through the hours of searching that followed, she came to the point of almost weakening only once.

In one of the smaller shops she found her dream—a soft smoky blue suit with no trimming and a vague ripple over the hips. She knew what Johnny would think. Too tailored. Too casual. Too blue.

Without even trying it on, she rushed out of the shop and out of the path of temptation.

Limp and exhausted, she decided it was hopeless. There wasn't a single dress in town—and she'd looked at them all—that would satisfy them both. Sadly she turned her steps towards "Johnny's shop" and the hated yellow dress. She bought it.

Too unhappy to finish her shopping, Susan returned home and



"I don't want to discourage you, son, or interfere with yer plans; but I think it's only fair I tell you that somebody beat ya to it. Only last week there was another artist feller up here, and he painted a pitcher of that very same light-house."

spent a tear-stained half-hour trying to get over her disappointment. With the refreshing influence of a good cry behind her, she decided to sew.

For months she had been making a green print dress. Under the added spur of the past few weeks, however, she had been working on it faithfully, until now it was on the verge of completion. It was to have been her "second-best" dress, but as she looked at the box containing her newest acquisition she promoted it.

The green dress was finished, pressed, and hanging in the wardrobe next to the new yellow by the time Johnny arrived that evening. Susan had already tentatively named them Beauty and The Beast. She brought out the yellow for Johnny's approval.

"You wanted it," she said. "Will it do?"

"It's nice," Johnny smiled appreciatively. "I like it. Let's see it with the curves inside!"

Susan went into the bedroom and changed. She grimaced at herself in the mirror, but dutifully went into the sitting-room and modelled it.

His Affair Continued from page 3

She tried her best to be trim and brisk and snappy. Johnny nodded his approval. Mildly—but approval. Susan brought in the print dress. She flashed it proudly in front of Johnny and let it sway on the hanger.

"I made it myself!" she said. "See what a wonderful wife I'm going to be!"

Johnny snorted. "Try it on," he said. "It'll probably fit like a blanket!"

Putting on the dress, Susan suddenly remembered the long list of undesirables. The green dress fitted all of them!

Johnny pierced the air with a long low whistle when she entered the living-room.

"Well!" he said admiringly. "That one's really all right! It does something for you. Why don't you get married in that?"

"This one?" Susan gasped. "But, Johnny, it's dark! It's a print! It's—it's nothing special at all!"

"But it's nice!" Johnny insisted. "It makes you look stylish! Take my word for it—that's the one to wear!"

Susan tottered feebly into the nearest chair. "You mean," she said, carefully choosing her words so that there would be no misunderstanding, "that you want me to wear this plain dark undressed-up dress that I made myself out of cheap print material?"

"Please," he said. "I like it!" "Instead of the trim, brisk, snappy affair that I walked my feet off trying to buy according to your instructions?"

At least, Susan thought, he had the decency to blush!

"What you mean," she continued determinedly, "is that you don't like the yellow?"

"Of course I do! I just think the other one suits you a little better—that's all."

"You think it's unbecoming."

"I didn't say that!" Tiny beads of perspiration appeared on Johnny's forehead and he began to flounder helplessly. "I'm just trying to say that of the two, I prefer the green. Is that a crime?"

He shuffled nervously, avoiding her eyes.

"Be reasonable, Susan," he continued resentfully. "How am I supposed to know what the things look like on when I only see them on a hanger?"

"Well!" Susan glared at him triumphantly. "So I have a little taste, after all!"

She watched Johnny staring uncomfortably at the opposite wall and swept forward for the last ounce of sweet revenge.

"All right," she said. "I'll wear the print dress to be married in. But the yellow goes back and I'll buy the kind of dress I want."

It took just a few minutes the following day in Susan's lunch-hour to make the change, and the money in her hand, Susan rushed around to the shop which had displayed the blue suit.

It was still there and in her size. She tried it on and it looked exactly as she'd known it would. She bought it.

The rest of the day she spent buying accessories for her green wedding dress; and then, with an unexpected windfall still remaining in her purse, she bought a set of accessories for the blue suit as well. She strolled home singing.

That evening when Johnny called, she gave him a preview of her new outfit.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "Why don't you wear that one? It's terrific!"

"But, Johnny!" Susan smiled. "It's plain! It's tailored! And it's blue! You can't really want me to wear it?"

"Please!" he urged. He smiled back shamelessly. "It's snappy!"

(Copyright)

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Post Mortem

WHEN Dr. Standish had duly sent a copy of his report to the district attorney, he thought he was through with the case of Max Pell, private detective, found slumped over his office desk with two bullets in his chest.

Standish's autopsy confirmed the cause of death, and that, he thought, was that. And that was where he was wrong.

The following noon, Mary Hayward, his nurse, closed his office door firmly behind her and leaned against it. She brushed a wisp of medium blonde hair back from her young forehead and fixed narrowed green eyes upon him.

"Lieutenant Ballard is here," she said in a voice that relegated the lieutenant to the ranks of undesirable visitors. "I told him he'd have to wait."

Standish gave her a crooked grin. In the year that Mary had served him as nurse, secretary, and girl Friday she had made plain her disapproval of his work as medical examiner and she resented especially the demands Lieutenant Ballard made upon his time.

"He said it was about the Max Pell case," she said. "Shall I tell Mrs. Taylor to come in?"

"Mrs. Taylor?" Standish asked. "She had no appointment."

"She came before the lieutenant." Mary's smile was smug. "Also she is wealthy. And she has rich friends."

Standish sighed aloud, but Mary was gone, and so he smiled at Mrs. Taylor, who was a plump forty and very chic. But while he listened politely to a story he often heard from women who had too much money and too much leisure, he thought mostly about Lieutenant Ballard and Max Pell, and got rid of her as quickly as possible.

Ballard, a solid-looking man in his late thirties with keen grey eyes, looked a little worried. He usually kidded Mary; but this time he made no reply when she pointedly reminded Standish that this was his afternoon for golf.

"What about Pell?" Standish asked when Ballard sat down. "I thought you'd have that one all wrapped up by now."

"Hah!" said Ballard with feeling. "I got one lead, and I'm a bit afraid of that. I got it this morning when I went to Pell's bank to check on his finances and they told me a deposit had come in by mail. It's postmarked 6 p.m. last night and is a cheque made out to Pell and signed by James Cooper."

Standish sat up slowly, dark eyes thoughtful.

"The West Side Cooper?" he said, knowing now why Ballard looked worried. "Did you ask him about the cheque?"

"I went out there."

"What did he say?"

"He didn't say. He's dead. Died between eight and ten this morning, the doc says, from spontaneous cerebral hemorrhage."

"What doctor?"

"Lanning. A young man. About your age."

Standish had heard of Lanning. He knew also that James Cooper was close to seventy, had nearly died a few months back from a stroke or heart attack—he could not remember which—and was considered a semi-invalid whose death at any time was to be expected.

"Was Lanning with him when he died?"

"No." Ballard shook his head. "But he's been attending the old man for months. There were two grandsons." He added slowly, as though this were important. "One's still in Germany with the occupation forces; the other was lost in the Pacific, and his widow, Louise, has been living with the old man. Also Dwight Morley, a nephew."

Ballard put a slip of paper on the desk, added a smaller slip. The larger of these was a statement from Max Pell covering inquiry fees for seven days, plus expenses.

"I found the bill in Cooper's desk while I was nosing around," Ballard

said. "This thing"—he touched the smaller slip, a Pullman stub from Chicago to New York—"I found in Pell's pocket last night."

"No one at the house knows anything about it?" Standish watched Ballard shake his head. "And what do you want me to do?"

"Well—I thought maybe you'd want to do a p.m."

Paul Standish lit a cigarette and continued to play with his lighter, snapping the little arm that covered the wick up and down. He didn't know he was doing it, for it was an unconscious habit when he was thinking hard.

"I doubt it, Tom," he said. "From what I've heard, old Cooper was overdue."

Ballard watched Standish sombrely. The doctor was a lean, hard-bodied man with good bones in his jaw and a way of holding himself that suggested competence and a nice co-ordination of mind and muscle. He had an easy, unaffected manner, provided you did not try to push him around.

"Well, will you go out to the house with me?" Ballard asked. "Is the body still there?"

"Lanning had signed the death certificate, but I asked him not to move the old man until I'd talked to you," Ballard stood up. "He didn't like it much—Lanning, I mean."

Standish thought regretfully of the afternoon of golf he was not going to get. Instead, what he was going to do would prove unpleasant for everyone. "Yes," he said, "I'll have a look."

The Cooper home stood well back on a two-acre plot, a Tudor-type structure of stone and timber. A colored houseman took Ballard and Standish to the second floor, where Dr. Lanning and a young woman were waiting.

Lanning was tall, blond, and efficient-looking. He introduced himself to Standish, his annoyance with Ballard clearly demonstrated by the way he ignored the lieutenant, and then presented Louise Cooper, the widow of the grandson lost in the war—a slenderly rounded girl of twenty-five or so, with black hair and a clear ivory skin.

"In here, doctor," Lanning said. "It's utter nonsense, of course, but if the lieutenant wants to be difficult, we might as well get it over."

Standish stepped into the bedroom. Ballard, his face pink, followed in silence. Lanning picked up a manila folder containing his history of the case and gave it to Standish.

"As you will see from that," he said, "Mr. Cooper's death was merely a question of time. He had an enlarged heart, high blood pressure, an arteriosclerotic condition."

Standish was verifying the statements from the records. When he had satisfied himself, he made a cursory inspection of the body, finding no sign of violence upon it. He glanced at the bedside table and noticed the sleeping-pills.

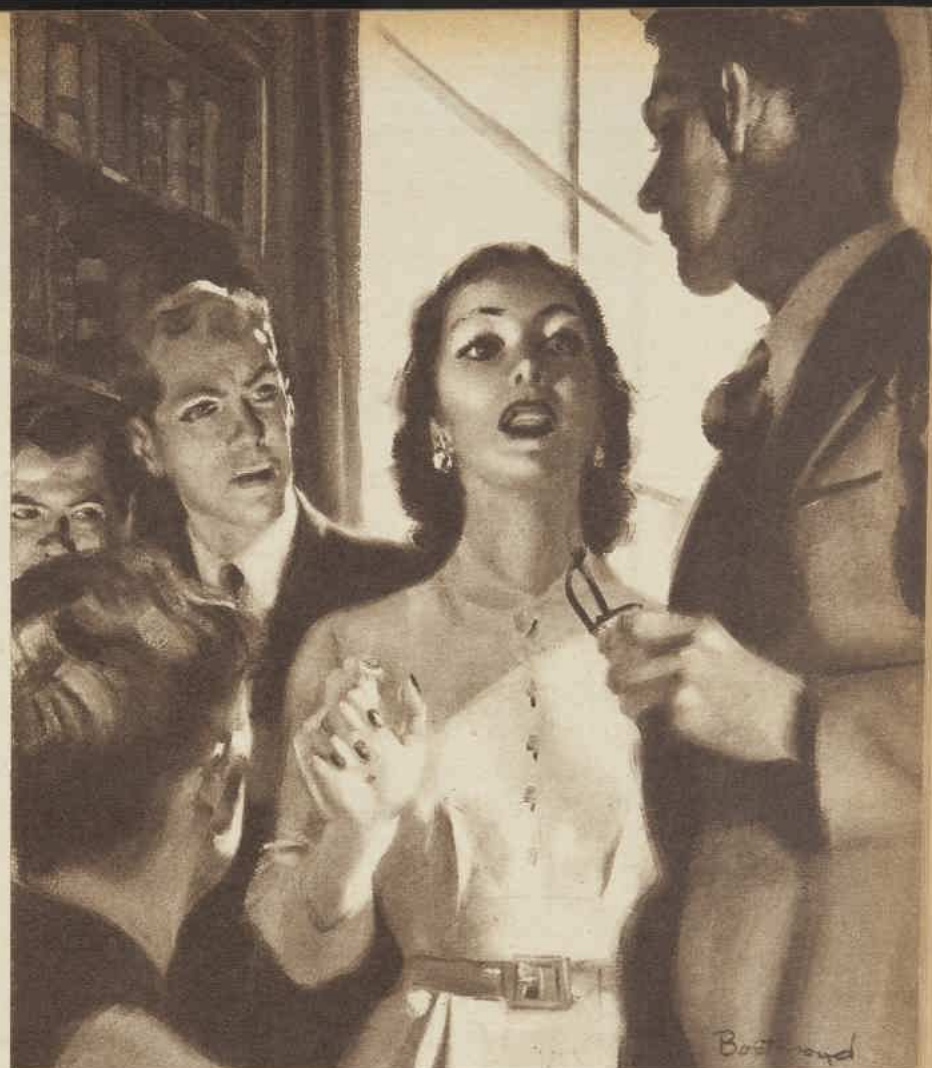
Lanning, as though reading his mind, said: "If you're wondering about an overdose, the answer is no."

I brought that bottle of fifty the day before yesterday and only two are gone, one for last night and one for the night before. As for anyone committing a murder, when the man had no more than a few months to live, if that, it's ridiculous."

Ballard's face was still pink but his voice was even. "I want to know why he'd hire a private detective like Max Pell."

Standish intervened by asking Lanning the facts of Cooper's death. What he learned did not help Ballard's theory. Cooper had taken his sleeping-pill at nine thirty the night before, as was his custom.

At eight that morning the houseman came in to raise the shades and had heard Cooper mumble something and thought he was talking in his sleep. Since he was under orders to leave after raising the shades and let Cooper get up when he felt like it, the houseman had gone out, and



not until ten o'clock did he discover that the old man was dead.

Standish nodded and returned to the sitting-room. Louise Cooper continued to stare listlessly out of the window as he examined the room, noticing now that the books which lined the near-by wall were nearly all detective stories. There were some reference volumes on the bottom shelf, books on criminology, legal medicine, police practice, and toxicology; and because he wanted time to think he spoke about them.

"He must have been quite a detective-story fan."

"He was," Louise Cooper said. "It was about the only pleasure he had left."

She glanced from Lanning to Ballard, and Standish could see how very attractive she was in spite of the tired lines about her mouth and eyes. Then the door opened and a man entered, a slim, thin-faced man of thirty-five or so, with sparse brown hair and glasses. When he was introduced as Dwight Morley,

"What difference does it make? You wouldn't understand," Louise said agitatedly.

Morley said. "Mr. Cooper was about to make a change. He was dissatisfied with the doctor's work."

"That's a lie," said Lanning.

"Possibly a good time for Louise, too," Morley said, as though he had not heard. He took off his glasses and blinked pale myopic eyes. "Cooper didn't approve of the doctor's relations with Louise," he said.

"And what were those relations?" Ballard asked.

"We were in love," the girl said simply. Then, sparks in her eyes, she faced Morley. "You should be ashamed," she said. "Not once did you try to make things pleasant for him, not once would you read to him or—"

"That trash?" Morley waved his glasses with scorn at the detective books. "I should say not."

"And so I had to, night after night, because I knew if I didn't, no one would."

"You don't have to feel so noble about it," Morley put on

his glasses. "I notice it didn't take you long to start painting your nails again."

Dr. Lanning spoke under his breath and stepped towards Morley, his jaw hard and eyes stormy. Ballard moved in front of him.

"Take it easy," Ballard said.

Louise Cooper had her head down and Standish could see her face working. She looked at her red-painted nails.

"Yes," she said in a small voice. "He didn't like painted nails. He spoke about it the day after I came, nearly a year ago, and so I wore them plain. Then this morning—" She hesitated, a catch in her voice. "Oh, what difference does it make? You wouldn't understand."

Standish cleared his throat. He still did not know what he should do, but he wanted to get out. He

nodded to Ballard and announced: "I'll have the body removed to the morgue."

"But look here," Lanning spoke quickly, his eyes resentful. "You've seen the record. You've no reason to doubt me as the attending physician just because some private detective no one ever heard of was murdered last night."

"Mr. Cooper heard of him," Ballard said.

"If you insist on performing an autopsy—" Lanning began.

"I didn't say that," Standish cut in. "I want to make a more thorough examination and I can do it better at the morgue. I'll let you know if there's to be an autopsy."

Dr. Standish played no golf that afternoon. When he had made a further inspection of the body without finding any sign of violence, he came back to the office.

Ballard came in at three. "I talked to the Cooper lawyer," he said. "Frank Alson. He's burning at the idea of a p.m. but he told me about the will, and all three of them had sweet motives."

"You're figuring the girl in?" Standish asked.

"I'm figuring everybody, and you know it," Ballard said, and went on to elaborate. "Morley and the girl cut in for a third of about two million, and the grandson in Germany gets the other third. I talked to the servants, and Morley was right when he said the old man had trouble with Lanning over the girl."

He pulled out the Pullman stub he had found in Max Pell's pocket. "Dr. Lanning came from Chicago; he went to school there, and he had a chance to marry a third of two million dollars," he added grimly. "That's a motive, son."

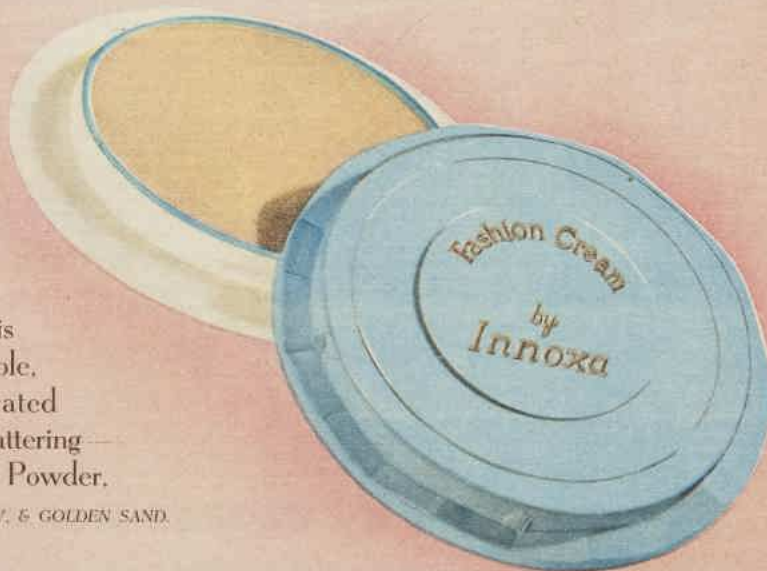
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RINGSIDE MAIDEN

By ...

EDWIN LANHAM

WHEN AGATHA CHRISTOPHER unexpectedly inherits "Leo's Place," a small New York bar and grill, together with a ten per cent. interest in the young boxer, LEFTY LANGAN, she plans to sell out, but becomes interested in Lefty and distressed to find that LUCILLE LONG is persuading him to leave the ring. She is in the mood for change, having just broken her engagement to CHARLIE HARPER. In partnership with OSCAR GUMPER, barman at "Leo's Place," she buys Lefty's contract from BENNY SMALL, calling in attorney JACK BARLOW to supervise the transaction. Then, leaving WALTER, the waiter, to manage "Leo's Place," she takes Oscar and Lefty to her home in Connecticut where, with the barn converted into a gymnasium, Oscar begins training Lefty. Agatha's mother, GWEN, and Charlie view this move with some dismay, but, later, in apparent co-operation, Charlie helps to arrange a local bout for Lefty. Meanwhile, Agatha finds constraint growing up between Lefty and herself, ending in a stormy scene one evening.

Now read on.—

AGATHA watched the jerky swing of Lefty's shoulders as he strode away from her into darkness, and after a time she followed, very slowly.

She felt a sickening uneasiness, an emptiness at the pit of her stomach, and she was glad when she reached the house to find that he had gone straight up to his room. But Oscar was there on the porch, and she gave him the sweater on which she had worked Lefty's name.

"That's good," Oscar said. "People will know who our boy is when he climbs through the ropes." He looked at her with a glow in his eyes. "Aggie, I think the boy's ready. This fight to-morrow night will show us."

"Oscar," Agatha said, "I'm worried about Lefty. He's got something twisted in his mind about me."

"What's that?" Oscar said, his tone cautious.

"Because I've stayed away from him in training he thinks— Oh, I don't know. He thinks I look on him as if he were a trained animal."

"It was my idea for you to stay away from him," Oscar said. He put his big hand gently on her shoulder. "After the fight we'll be going back to New York," he said. "After we get him home he'll be okay. Lefty kind of goes for you. I guess you know that."

Agatha's mouth opened, but she did not speak. She had not been taken by surprise, but it was something she had not expected to be put into words.

"Don't you worry about it, Aggie," Oscar said. "I'll straighten the boy out, and pretty soon he'll be back home, win or lose." He patted her shoulder again. "See you at ringside, Aggie."

Gwen had decided early that while she did not mind too much having a prize-fighter train at her house, and even had some interest in watching his workouts, she did not want to see him fight. So Agatha went to the fight that night with Charlie Harper.

Oscar and Lefty had departed quite early, and Charlie had his yellow convertible at the door just after dinner. They reached New Haven in plenty of time for the main event.

They entered the arena through a tiled corridor, and emerged through

a portal on the main floor. A preliminary bout was under way as Charlie led the way to their seats in the first-row ringside.

Agatha was thinking of Lefty Langan, waiting back in the dressing-room, hearing the shouts of the crowd, and she thought that Lefty could not possibly be as tense and nervous as she. She sat on the edge of her seat, twisting the stub of the ticket Charlie had given her. All at once the fight in progress caught her attention.

One of the boxers had a stinging left jab, and had opened a cut over his opponent's eye, which he was using for a target. Under the overhead lights the bodies of the boxers were white, and the face of the man whose eye had been cut was red with blood.

Agatha caught her breath sharply. She whispered, "It's blood," and did not know she had spoken.

"What did you expect?" Charlie said.

She had simply not thought of this before. She had not thought of sweat and blood and gasping lungs and white arms pathetically shielding the streaming cut.

"See," Charlie said, between the rounds. "They've got the bleeding stopped. Of course, one good left will open it up again."

But Agatha did not look. What was she doing there, ringside in the arena, holding a share in this business?

"Why don't you go on home, Charlie?" Agatha said. "I'm going with Oscar and Lefty."

"They're stopping the fight," Charlie said. "That cut's pretty bad."

Agatha slowly raised her eyes. A second was wiping the loser's face with a towel. The other boxer danced over, put a glove on his shoulder, trotted back to his own corner.

"It will be Lefty next," Charlie said. "Main event coming." He looked at her. "What's the matter with you? If you can't stand blood, stay away from fights."

The boxers were leaving the ring, and Agatha watched them out of sight through a portal.

PART SIX OF A TEN-PART SERIAL

"They don't feel it, Agatha," Charlie said, more gently. "When they're in there fighting they don't feel a thing."

Lefty's opponent, Sonnyboy Jones came to the ring first, and as he was climbing through the ropes Lefty appeared at the entrance of the portal and walked along the aisle towards the ring in his pale blue bathrobe, holding his gloved hands almost crossed over his chest, like a mandarin in State procession.

Lefty's stocky sparring partner, Kid Dalton, was immediately behind

him, and Oscar followed, wearing the white sweater with Lefty Langan stitched on the back.

There was scattered applause as Lefty went up to the ring. He stood in his corner with his head bent, but his eyes moved and at last he saw Agatha. He looked down at her and waved one gloved hand, but his expression did not change. Oscar did not look down.

As the fighters were being introduced, Agatha studied Sonnyboy Jones. A flattened nose and scarred eyes made him look cruel. As the boxers went to receive instructions from the referee she saw that Sonnyboy Jones was at least an inch taller than Lefty, and his arms seemed longer.

They were ready for the bell, bathrobes off now. Agatha saw Lefty's face, tense, inscrutable, and very white under the floodlights. The sound of the bell was still ringing in Agatha's ears as the men met on Lefty's side of the ring, and then she heard the slapping sound of blows.

Jones had rushed Lefty at the bell, with flailing arms, and it happened so fast and the roaring noise was immediately so deafening that Agatha was left sitting rigidly on the edge of her chair while everyone else was on his feet.

"He's down!" Charlie cried.

SUDDENLY

Agatha saw, not two yards from her, with his face turned up to the glaring lights, Lefty lying on his back. It was Lefty who was down. Agatha had not seen it happen.

"Smack on the jaw," Charlie was yelling. "He got him smack on the jaw."

Charlie was laughing, and his lips were wet and very red. It was harsh, exultant laughter, and very slowly Agatha came up to her feet beside him.

The count had reached five and Lefty had turned on his stomach and was pushing himself up to one knee. He seemed to be looking straight at Agatha, but she knew his eyes were seeing nothing.

He shook his head hard, and was up unsteadily at the count of nine. The referee rubbed the gloves across his shirt, and Lefty leaned against him. Then the referee stepped back and Lefty put his gloves up.

Sonnyboy Jones crowded in fast, swinging both arms, and Lefty covered up and backed groggily against the ropes on the other side of the ring.

"Throw that right!" Charlie was shouting.

Lefty had escaped from the ropes, was backing away on his heels and sticking out his left, but Jones bore in again. Agatha saw the right this time, landing high on Lefty's head, and he went down again, sprawling, and fell on his face.

"There's your fighter, Agatha!" Charlie cried, his voice stung with unloosed venom. "There's your middleweight champion!"

The referee was counting, and Agatha saw that Lefty was on his feet, stumbling against the ropes. Charlie looked up at the clock and said with satisfaction, "Got a full minute to go."

It was the longest minute Agatha had ever experienced. She saw Lefty backing away, shooting out his left to keep Jones off, covering up, and clinching when he could.

Sonnyboy Jones seemed to have tired. Then, quite unexpectedly, the bell rang and Kid Dalton was through the ropes, running to Lefty. Oscar had the stool ready, and Lefty dropped on to it.

Oscar passed smelling salts under Lefty's nose, wiped his face hard with a towel, and pulled him back so that his shoulders rested against the ropes.

He was doing something behind Lefty, and Charlie Harper said clinically, "Using ice on his spine. Don't think it will bring him round in time."

"You hope," Agatha said. Her mouth was dry and her voice sounded hoarse.

"That's right," Charlie said. "I hope."

The bell rang. Agatha saw Oscar lift Lefty and shove him forward. Jones rushed across the ring, but this time Lefty's jab met him solidly; at last there was accuracy in that left, and there was sting in it.

Agatha saw Lefty duck and saw the pivot of his shoulders. She knew that motion; she knew Lefty was crossing with his right even before the blow landed, and then she saw that it had landed hard.

Jones staggered back and dropped his guard. A short left hook caught him on the jaw and he went down. The noise was deafening again.

"I guess that's the end of Sonnyboy," Charlie said, and shrugged. "Watch."

Jones was up at the count of nine; he charged at Lefty, swinging wildly. Lefty avoided the first rush, and an instant later he sent the left hook home again. Jones fell on his face and did not move.

"That's the way he is," Charlie said. "Once he gets tagged he goes crazy. He doesn't know what he's doing."

Agatha never heard the end of the count in the noise, but she saw the referee raise Lefty's right glove.

Lefty ran across the ring to help pick Jones up, but was waved away by his manager and danced back to his own corner. Agatha saw Oscar there in the ring, hugging him.

Charlie said, "Let's get out of here before the rush."

Please turn to page 26

A Woman's work is always done!

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SHOULD A LADY CARE

By
WING LEIGHTON

DAVID braced himself against the steering wheel. "It's a wonderful life, isn't it, Jeanie?" he bellowed. Great glittering cobwebs festooned suburban fences, and in the fields the last tattered pennants of a morning mist shredded away in brilliant light. "He loves me, he loves me not!" sang the telephone poles, whizzing past them in the fine frosty air.

"Isn't it?" David said. Jeanie gave a cross little start. If it comes to "He loves me" just as I count ten, she had been thinking, well then he loves me, and I won't think about it any more for a bit. It was indeed a wonderful life. It was a Monday morning, and they were driving out of town—most of the other cars were speeding towards it.

As long as they reached Cottisham by eleven o'clock they could do what they liked. Stop for a coffee, or make a detour on the chance of finding something worth picking up, or even not go to the sale at all. They were the masters of their fates. The captains of their own somewhat precarious bank balance. Of course, it was wonderful. Only . . .

"O!" said David, thumping her in the ribs with his elbow. "Mrs. Longchops! Isn't it?"

"Oh, David, shut up!" Two things suddenly appalled her, and she wanted time to think about them.

The first was that one could vehemently dislike, for however brief a flash, the person one was in love with; the second was that David knew that she was in love with him. And he wasn't in love with her. And this was his way of ringing up No Sale.

Clever, when you came to think about it (as if she ever thought about anything else!), this insistence that she should cut herself off with her own hand.

He'd been doing it quite a lot lately. ("Happy, Jeanie?" "Why, yes, I suppose so." "Of course you're happy! Don't be such an old snurge." . . . "It's grand to be free, isn't it, Jeanie? No boss, no strings, no stew on the stove. Isn't it, Jeanie?")

Well, what could you say? "No, it's not a wonderful life. I'm not happy, and I don't want to be free. I'm abjectly in love with you, and I can't think about anything else for wondering whether you're in love with me?"

Well, no; you couldn't say any of that. They turned off the by-pass and dived between hedges that threw a white shadow of frost where the sun had not yet penetrated, and came at last to a small, forsaken county town.

David parked the car in the grass-grown cattle market, and they walked across to the auction rooms.

They worked together like a dream. New Homes, Ltd., Interior Decorators. She ran the accounts; David handled the clients. She got out the color schemes and did the paint jobs; he dealt with the carpentry.

He had the hands of a wizard. With a glue-pot and a bit of plywood he could turn a Victorian umbrella stand, bought for a few shillings, into a baroque console table selling for several pounds. He could transform the top of an old-fashioned sideboard into a bed-head fit for a film star.

It was only a small sale. They raked through with experienced eyes, marking their catalogues swiftly, agreeing almost without speaking. Only a few moments before the auctioneer mounted his rostrum Jeanie made a decision without asking David what he thought about it.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed David when they got back to the shop and were going through the spoils in the workshop. "How did this get in?"

He picked up a picture in a heavy old-fashioned frame and stood it on the work bench.

"It's really rather exciting," David said at last, looking at the painting.

"I bought it," said Jeanie, "for myself. I don't know why, but I liked it."

David turned it over and read from the faded copperplate on the back: "My dear wife Melissa and our little cat. 1862."

It was the portrait of a young woman of about Jeanie's own age. She sat squarely before a pale green curtain and among the folds of her voluminous gown she nursed a little grey cat.

The actual painting was crude and amateurish, but the color was gorgeous, and there was an odd, triangular look about the eyes of both the girl and the cat that fascinated Jeanie. Perhaps Melissa's husband could paint eyes only that way, but she had the feeling they held a special message for her—what it was she couldn't quite make out.

"I think I see what you mean," said David at last. "It's really rather exciting. Tell you what—we'll do you a room round it one day, shall we, Jeanie Wean?"

He flung an arm carelessly about her shoulders, and in the instant her heart began to race. Perhaps he was in love with her after all! Perhaps "One day" meant "When . . ."

Long after he had departed, whistling down the stairs, Jeanie stood staring in wild surmise at Melissa and her little cat.

Just before lunchtime the following day David burst into the room with his hat on the back of his head and his hand held out.

"How much is in the kitty?" he shouted. "Quick!"

"Two pounds," said Jeanie glumly. It was a familiar scene.

Please turn to page 36



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New Lampshades



● **BALLERINA.** The popular ballerina line has extended to lampshades. The "skirt" of this one is in cerise and lime-green fluted moiré taffeta set on a converted base of beautiful old early English Rockingham china.



● **CZECH POTTERY** forms the base of this little ballerina shade of lime taffeta with a border of iridescent sheer. William Henry, of Mosman, N.S.W., made the colorful lamps illustrated on this page.



● **FORMAL.** A blue satin tailored shade with chiffon and satin roses trailed simply across one side, mounted over an early-Victorian gas-light shade converted to a decorative table lamp base.



● **ELEGANT.** A brass column supporting the shade and an early Georgian crystal bowl make the stem of this lovely regency lamp. French regency striped moiré taffeta in cerise and off-white is used for the shade.




● **PAGODA.** Inspired, the shade at left is made from an embroidered Spanish shawl combined with a beautiful Cantonese carved base.

LAMPS and lampshades have pride of place as glamor highlights of interior decoration nowadays. Elegant, colorful, and exquisitely dressed-up affairs, many of them are made of rich fabrics with intricate and beautiful hand-wrought trimmings.

Rare pieces of pottery, china, or glass, elegant lustres, brass, copper, silver, or ivory columns are used for bases. Rare old kerosene lamps are also used if they can be spared from emergency service in winter blackouts.

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MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM prolongs reception ceremony by presenting four-year-old son to Princess Elizabeth and Duke of Edinburgh when they arrive to visit Heavy Industries Section of British Industries Fair in May. Princess never complains at such introductions.

HARD-WORKED PRINCESS ...



PRINCESS is in constant demand for christening ceremonies. During Irish trip she leaves flying-boat Aotearoa II, after naming her at Belfast.



CHEERS AND WAVES during three-day Midland tour were always met with Elizabeth's famous and charming smile.



DAY AFTER RETURN from Irish tour Princess unveils extension to Royal Artillery war memorial, before taking salute at Grenadier Guards' remembrance parade at Wellington Barracks. Since King's illness, heiress to Throne's public engagements are much heavier.



ROYAL COUPLE visited Channel Islands in late June, before touring Midlands. Here they are driven around Sark in a one-horse carriage. In this fortnight the young mother saw her baby son for only two days.



THOSE close to Princess Elizabeth are concerned at the little time public duties allow her to spend with her baby. She now has a home of her own, Clarence House, but little opportunity for normal domestic life.

No young mother, it is felt, should bear the burden of so many engagements as the Princess, who in some of her recent appearances has shown the strain of her exacting programme. The accompanying pictures show some aspects of her very busy life.



WITH THE BABY devotion to duty lets her see so seldom. He is eight months old. Photo by Baron.

STRAIN and tiredness are discernible when Elizabeth attends a performance of the Royal Tournament at Olympia.



ARRIVING TO START Polytechnic Harriers' Marathon Race. Gracious, hard-working Elizabeth never breaks engagements.



EX-SERVICEMEN in Saumarez Park, Guernsey, are inspected by Princess during three-day tour of Channel Islands. Loyal Islanders all wanted to see Elizabeth, allowed her little leisure. Days were so crowded that sometimes she fulfilled 10 engagements in as many hours.



HEIRESS PRESUMPTIVE, the role of mother forced into background, she inspects the King's Scouts at Windsor Castle. Nearly 1000 Scouts attended from all parts of British Isles.



fashion for wool

Paris interprets the lightness and fineness of the new wool fabrics in dresses with floating panels — panels that, in repose, give an illusion of a full skirt and in motion swing out like ribbons from a Maypole. Wool fabrics have a dual attraction for designers; despite their lightness and their fluid softness, they are firm and as easy to tailor as they are to drape. And all wool fabrics are naturally, permanently crush-resistant — a factor essential to designing a dress that will hold its shape and line through many wearings.



there is
no substitute for

wool

Rue Suggests TROUSSEAU PIECES

● Satin makes the nightgown, below. The bodice has one side of Alençon lace, the other of satin, with lace applique, caught on to one hip and tied with a satin bow. Empire-line nightgown, below right, has a tiny bra top caught with cords for shoulder-straps, net inset over the midriff, outlined with ecru lace and matching applique. The skirt is full.

● Princess slip, at right, made of pure silk, has lace-trimmed top, lace insets running down the front and bordering the two slits in the skirt and the hemline. Bows trim top of slits.

● The lovely gown, at left, is of chiffon, the top done with Alençon lace insertion and handmade tucks. The skirt is made dramatic with two long satin appliqued streamers falling from a bow.

● Glamorous slip, at right, is of slinky, pure silk satin, elaborately encrusted with applique Alençon lace over the bodice, and bordering the slit hemline.

● Half petticoat, at right, is of pastel poult with hemline of frilled lace threaded with ribbon. Matching bra is boned and strapless, and threaded with ribbon to give an old-fashioned camisole look.

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RESULTS: Our £3000 Cookery Contest

Readers' entries show imagination and skill

Outstanding feature of our £3000 Cookery Contest this year was the high quality of the entries.

The contest, which was an enormous success, called for much more than cooking skill on the part of the competitors. They had to have a talent for menu planning, a flair for hostessing, and organising ability of a high order. Entries proved conclusively that Australian housewives were equal to the challenge, and possess knowledge and originality in every aspect of the homemaking art.

Results are published in this issue.

Section 1.—GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE OF £1000 for menu and plan for a twenty-first birthday party goes to Mrs. G. A. Robbie, of Hobart. A special consolation prize of £50 was awarded to the runner-up, Miss Judith Anne Maddocks, of Neutral Bay, Sydney.

Lists of prizewinners in sections 2, 3, and 4 are given on pages 38, 47 and 50, and pictures of first prize winners are on pages 32 and 33.

Hobart housewife wins £1000

Winner of the £1000 prize for a 21st birthday party menu and plan, Mrs. G. A. Robbie, is a former career girl scientist who has exchanged her laboratory for a red brick bungalow overlooking the gleaming waters of the River Derwent, about seven miles from Hobart.

Petite, dark, and vivacious Mrs. Robbie is the wife of the Registrar of the Royal Hobart Hospital, and mother of three children, David, six, Diane, four, and Jennette, three.

AS Marjorie Proctor Mrs. Robbie graduated with honors in Science at Sydney University, specialising in agricultural geography. She was then appointed Geographical Research Officer to the Rural Bank in New South Wales.

Romance interrupted this appointment after two years, when she married her student days sweetheart, Dr. G. A. Robbie, of Wanganui, Victoria, in 1942, the year after he finished his medical course at Melbourne University.

The doctor affectionately wisecracks "the less said about Mickey's cooking when we were first married the better."

"I wasn't the slightest bit interested in domesticity before I was married," Mrs. Robbie defends with a smile. "But from my wedding day I decided to make a real career of running a home. I soon learned, once I made up my mind to concentrate."

"I made a thorough study of the basic principles of cookery and home management, and became very interested in it."

"When The Australian Women's Weekly announced last year's competition, I decided to enter for the big budget prize of £1000."

"Although I won only a minor prize, I felt the effort was well worth while, because I learnt so much from the work I did on it. That gave me the confidence to try again this year."

Feminine in personality to a degree, Mrs. Robbie has the single-mindedness of purpose and powers of concentration which mark the scientist.

For instance, she estimates she put about 500 hours' solid work into her competition entry.

Research, checking, and re-checking, for which she has a passion, took much of the time.

"I felt The Australian Women's Weekly was making a wonderful gesture in launching such a generous contest, and so I made up my mind to send in an entry worthy of the prize," Mrs. Robbie said.

Her ambition was to work out plans and dishes for a party which would become a classic. She was determined it would be simple, inexpensive, yet have all the glamor of a professionally catered for party, plus the special character appropriate to the occasion.

She contacted the public libraries in Hobart, Melbourne, and Sydney, seeking information on traditions connected with 21st birthday parties.

Her research completed, she began

the practical work of testing the dishes and dainties she considered including in the party menu.

For the smooth running of the party she worked out such small points as the most convenient place for guests to park hats and coats, and experimented with methods for attaching balloons to a ceiling without marking the plaster.

She also experimented with birthday cake candles until she made sure she had a brand that wouldn't ruin the guest of honor's big moment by melting all over the cake.

At last convinced that she had arrived at a first-class formula for entertaining 30 guests at a party in the home, before despatching her entry she had a six-guest scale

model test party to try out her competition entry. The pocket edition party went off smoothly.

With the happy sigh of a big job done well, Mrs. Robbie then mailed off her "examination paper."

Mrs. Robbie gave a great deal of thought to economy in her scheme to bring the cost within the means of an average family.

With careful marketing, the total cost would be between £12 and £13, varying according to the prevailing prices in different parts of Australia.

Much would depend, of course, on whether the home garden would provide flowers for the house decorations and some greens for the buffet salads.

"I've been so absorbed by the thrill of the competition, I've scarcely thought about possibly having £1000 to spend," she said with a wide-eyed smile. She confides her biggest thrill will be buying a present for her husband.

"He has been wonderful. He helped me with everything... even to cutting up the lobster," she said.

"And didn't I make a mess of it the first time?" Dr. Robbie recalled with a grin. "I thought I was pretty good at dissecting until I struck Lobster Parisienne."

Paced with home-buying and bringing up a family, Dr. Robbie says winning the big prize will be "very handy."

After six-year-old David gets his promised Hornby train and Diane and Jennette are nursing big dolls, the Robbies plan to shop for some extra furnishings for their home. When they moved in about two years ago they concentrated on buying what they considered were essentials.

Previously they had lived in a series of furnished rooms and flats—always sharing a kitchen.

Instead of shopping for carpets and expensive suites they bought an electric washing-machine, a refrigerator, an electric floor-polish-

ing machine, and an electric sewing machine.

"Rob thought that as now is the busiest time of my life domestically it was wisest to make the hardest household jobs as labor-saving as possible," Mrs. Robbie explains.

Simply furnished, the Robbies' home reveals good taste, and has an air of gracious living.

Attractively colored, inexpensive felt fringed, and washable cotton mats—the latter bought at a sale for 14/11 each—are the only floor coverings in the house, which has polished board floors in the lounge, hallways, three bedrooms, and glassed-in sleep-out.

The Robbies did their interior decorating with the help of Mrs. Robbie's twin sister Diana and her husband, Bob Radford, who spent their honeymoon with them before beginning their own home-making on their property at Burra, South Australia.

First room to receive special attention when shopping for special luxuries begins will be the small spare bedroom-workroom which Mrs. Robbie used as a study when she was working on the competition.

She will furnish it as a study for her husband.

In it she swotted for the contest, often beginning work at 5 a.m., and leaving it after a couple of hours, to continue when the children were in bed at night.

Besides housewifely chores, Mrs. Robbie lectures in botany to a small class of pharmacy students at the Tasmanian University; she is a member of the parents' committee of her son David's school; makes all her own and her children's clothes; and, like most Hobart housewives, preserves big stocks of fruit. She is also an enthusiastic member of the Country Women's Association.

Mrs. Robbie's entry—see pages 44, 45.



WINNER of £1000 prize for 21st birthday party menu and plan, Mrs. G. A. Robbie, pours tea for her husband by the fire in their Hobart home. In the foreground is David. Diane is next to her mother, and Jennette is on her father's knee. Inset: The Robbies' home.

Awarded special prize of £50

Miss Judith Anne Maddocks, of Neutral Bay, N.S.W., a brown-eyed 17-year-old, has been awarded a special consolation prize of £50 for her entry in the Grand Champion Section of The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Contest. She hopes to become a cookery demonstrator, says she is already in line for two jobs which will give her an opening in this field.

Judith was educated at the Central Domestic Science School, Cooma, and later at the Memorial College, Kirribilli, where she received training and instruction in home management and dietetics, as well as cooking and home science.



MISS JUDITH MADDOCKS

OUR COOKERY CONTEST

IN this issue, we announce the prize-winners in our £3000 Cookery Contest.

This year's competition was designed to test the skill of housewives in the finer phases of their work.

Good homemaking is a combination of arts and sciences, calling for the exercise of intelligence and resource. The woman who considers cooking and housekeeping to be mere dull chores unworthy of her serious attention never creates a home in the fullest sense of the word.

Her invitations are not coveted, her parties are undistinguished.

But your true homemaker, by mixing a little love with her domestic arts, makes the home the centre of the family's social life.

So we gave her the chance to show her skill this year in planning parties to suit the family get-togethers of a lifetime.

The work submitted showed that very many Australian housewives are in the top grade. The entries were a delight to handle, but a real task to judge, requiring exhaustive examination.

Many of those submitted for the Grand Champion prize of £1000 were made into beautiful illustrated volumes.

The ideas for food, entertainment, and decoration were both original and practical, and the menus, besides promising to delight the eye and palate, never lost sight of the importance of food values and reasonable economy.

Space would not permit the entries to be published in our paper, so a special cookery book is now being prepared, in which winning entries will be published.

We congratulate not only the winners but all the competitors in our contest. They gave ample proof that there is abundance of the finest sort of homemaking being done in Australia.

Alexandra, last Tsarina of Russia

THE name of Alexandra, last Tsarina of Russia, goes down in history tragically linked with that of the sinister monk, Rasputin.

His privileged position in the Court and the Imperial family's embroilment with him contributed largely to the doom of the Romanoffs and helped to bring the revolutionary tide to flood point in Russia.

But Alexandra's is no story of a sordid sex entanglement. Rasputin's infamous reputation gave rise to rumors, and letters of hers that fell into hostile hands were used as a basis for slandering her name.

History, however, clears her of any guilt of this kind, and shows that her husband was the one love of her life, as she was of his.

Her tragedy was born of her anxious mother love for her only son, who suffered from the incurable blood disease, haemophilia. When doctors could not help him she turned to Rasputin and his curious, unexplained success with the boy gave him dominance over her.

And, strangely, it was her Victorian prudery that sealed her doom.

She never believed any account of Rasputin's immoral debauches simply because she considered such things too disgusting for belief, especially when weighed against the character of a holy man Rasputin always assumed at the palace.

In truth, Alexandra was in all essentials a Victorian Englishwoman and completely out of place among the dissolute artificial splendors and involved intrigues of the Court at St. Petersburg.

Born in 1872 in Germany, she was Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of Princess Alice of England. She was reared under the watchful eye of her grandmother in England, absorbing English traditions and the correct manners of the late Victorian era, becoming, at 17, a tall, shy girl, beautiful in an unassertive way.

To celebrate being grown up, Princess Alix set off on the long journey to Russia to spend a holiday at St. Petersburg. She danced with young men of the Russian Court, including Nicholas, son of the reigning Tsar.

Nicholas knew instantly that he was in love. This pleasant young man appreciated the Princess' quiet ways. Indecisive in many things, Nicholas quickly made up his mind about Princess Alix. He wrote glowing accounts of her to his friends.

Two years later he was still writing: "My dream is some day to marry Alix. I have loved her for a long while."

But difficulties stood in the way of the marriage. Princess Alix was deeply religious and a Protestant, and Nicholas followed the Russian Orthodox faith.

In 1894 Nicholas wrote: "Alix still objects to changing her religion. Poor girl, she cried a lot."

Things seemed to be at a deadlock, until Queen Victoria, the match-maker of Europe, took affairs into her two plump hands, and arrived at Coburg to fix things up.

To the townspeople she became

FAMOUS WOMEN



ALEXANDRA . . . "the funeral bride."

a familiar figure as she drove round in her little pony cart, muffled up in black clothes, with her granddaughter Alix beside her. Somehow Granny Victoria persuaded the girl to yield the point, and to Nicholas' joy the engagement was announced in April of that year.

Nicholas sent the thrilling news post-haste to Russia.

"The most wonderful day of my life," he wrote. "The day of my engagement to my darling Alix. Wilhelm (the Emperor of Germany) sat in the next room and waited with the uncles and aunts till my talk with Alix was over. Then I went straight with Alix to Queen Victoria and then to Aunt Mary, where the whole family was simply enraptured."

"Granny" insisted that the courtship be continued in England, and there followed perhaps the happiest time of the gentle Alexandra's life, the tranquil betrothal summer at Walton-on-Thames, where the couple picnicked on the river and at Windsor.

But the first chill winds of autumn brought bad news from Russia, and the first ill-omens of the star-crossed life ahead.

The Tsar Alexander fell ill, the future daughter-in-law was hastily called from England to his deathbed, and she was first presented to the people as fiancée of the new sovereign at the funeral services.

In her case the funeral baked meats did indeed coldly furnish forth the marriage tables, for her wedding took place a few weeks later.

The "funeral bride," as she has been called, had reason to be noted for her "great, sad, blue eyes."

Other ill-omens were soon seen.

At Nicholas' coronation, one of the highest decorations of the Empire fell from his coat to the floor.

At the customary distribution of gifts to the peasants, a colossal

disaster happened. The ceremony was held in a field which had been cut into ditches for military exercises. Thousands of peasants were pushed into these in the crush, and the dead were estimated at more than two thousand.

With the young Tsar engulfed in his new duties, Alexandra was often lonely.

Nervously she tried to cope with the smart, worldly women of the Court, trying to do the right thing in the right way. But she could not relax her reserved manner, and although she tried to please, she offended, and withdrew gradually from society.

She consoled herself when Nicholas was away by sitting down in the evenings and writing long letters to the Tsar. "I love you," she would write in her careful Victorian hand, "those three words have my life in them."

But love could not cope with the troubles of Russia, nor the danger threatening the throne.

There was revolutionary ferment throughout the country, as the people strove to win a constitution which would give them some say in government.

Tardism was based on complete autocracy of the sovereign, as "the anointed of God."

Nicholas was pledged by his coronation oath to retain that autocracy, and Alexandra believed in that duty with a fierce religious fervor.

She developed from the gentle little Princess into a wholehearted supporter of the official autocracy of her husband and his most influential adviser.

But, with a strange, beautiful apartness from all that and the world, they lived an idyllic home life, compounded of love and trust and family feeling.

In the years before 1904 four children were born, all girls. The hopes of a prince to carry on the line began to fade.

Olea, Tatyana, Maria, and Anastasia were pretty children, reared in spartan British traditions. Even though they lived in a palace, the youngsters were forced to start the day with cold baths—in Russia!

English lessons followed, and the day ended with the girls kissing their parents good-night dressed in woollen dressing-gowns in colors of regiments they commanded.

In 1904, during the disastrous war with Japan, the last child, a boy, arrived, to be christened Alexis.

Bells pealed from the great cathedrals of Russia. The little Tsarevitch grew to be handsome and lively, fair-haired and blue-eyed like his mother.

Yet something was wrong. If toddler Alexis bumped his leg in a fall he would cry out in agony. If he even scratched himself the bleeding could hardly be stopped.

The worried parents found that Alexis had haemophilia, a condition in which the blood will not clot. It occurs in males, and can be passed on only through the mother.

Alexandra felt this deeply. She forgot that her health was bad (for she had a weak heart) and cared for the boy jealously. She bathed him herself, protected him from any rough games with his sisters.

It is not to be wondered at that she, like many other mothers with sick children, would grasp at advice from anyone who seemed likely to help.

Offering for the task was the monk, Gregory Rasputin.

This illiterate peasant was then the vogue in social circles of St.



RASPUTIN . . . "The holy devil."

Petersburg because of his hypnotic powers. The Grand Duchess Milana had brought him to St. Petersburg from Kiev, and Alexandra's friend, Anna Vyubova, met him.

She mentioned him to the Tsarina, and it wasn't long before Rasputin was constantly visiting the sick child.

It is difficult to understand how Rasputin ever came to be so accepted.

But it must be remembered that Russia had a tradition of wandering peasant mystics, and Russian history has other examples of licence given to such men to advise or even to rebuke the Tsar.

Rasputin was indeed an evil figure. Magnetic blue eyes were set in a face framed by ragged, filthy hair and a long black beard. His name, Rasputin, meant "dissolute." In his youth he had been convicted of perjury, stealing, and rape, and had taken part in every kind of immoral orgy.

To Church dignitaries, Rasputin now represented himself as a man who had been a great sinner and was now a great penitent.

Uncombed and unwashed, he would shock the courtiers by his foul language and manners.

Yet he could do nothing wrong in the Tsarina's eyes while he used his mesmeric powers to her son's advantage.

Rasputin WAS able to help the boy, whose condition improved under his treatment.

Often he would telephone the palace and speak to Alexis, telling him long stories of peasant life in Siberia, and the boy would rally miraculously. Witnesses at the time claimed that Rasputin's powers even extended over the telephone.

Continued on page 38

Secrets of the teen-ager

THE average Australian teen-ager is older than the English girl when she first goes out with boy friends, surveys show.

She hopes to meet the man she will marry at parties, (the English girl puts more faith in going to dances and holiday camps alone). To win him, she tries to be more like his sister and less like a movie star. By contrast, the English girl feels that he places most importance on a pretty face.

Where the English girl goes to her mother for her knowledge of the facts of life, the Australian obtains hers from a married sister or girl-friend.

A comparison of the two teen-agers, drawn from surveys taken in England and Australia, is contained in A.M. for August, now on sale.

A.M., the big monthly magazine for men and women, also contains 11 other articles, six short stories, and seven stories in pictures. Price is 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



KEEN MEMBERS of the Kosciuszko Alpine Club, Reg Gelling, of West Wyalong, and his wife, who only recently joined the club, were two of the most constant skiers on the snow during club members' two weeks' stay at The Chalet.



STREAMLINED ski-ing pants made by herself are worn by Vida North, of Lindfield (left), keen member of Kosciuszko Alpine Club, with Olive Douglas, private secretary to Governor-General, Mr. McKell.



THREE YOUNG MEMBERS of the Kosciuszko Alpine Club, Wendy and Pat Blacklock, of Lindfield, and Shirley Gray (right), of Randwick, setting off to watch club races during two weeks' stay at The Chalet.



LUNCHING AT PRINCE'S. Well-known Sydney author Mrs. Dorothy Gatts (right) lunches with Mrs. Florence Taylor. Mrs. Gatts recently returned from six months' trip to England and the Continent. She visited Rome with delegates of the International Labor Organisation Conference. Mrs. Gatts is now completing another novel, "Rough Gold."



HAPPY BRIDE. Mrs. Bill Caldwell is assisted by her husband in cutting their wedding cake with Scottish dirk tied with ribbons of bride and bridegroom's clans, while Piper Hector Robertson plays a tune. Bride formerly Gwen Stark, fifth daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Stark, of Rose Bay.

Intimate Gossipings

IT is snow to order for members of the Kosciuszko Alpine Club, who enjoy best snowfall of season the day after their arrival at The Chalet, Kosciuszko. New powder snow over whole of the Alps makes conditions perfect for those finding their ski legs after twelve months away from the snow.

K.A.C. is oldest in New South Wales, and has biggest and keenest membership of any club. Members fill every inch of accommodation available at The Chalet, and overflow stay at Betts Camp, where they enjoy hut life.

Club will celebrate its 40th anniversary this year, and a dinner dance will be held at Pickwick on September 21 as a part of celebrations.

Night after their arrival members hold big Chalet-warming party, which all skiers are invited to attend. Members staying at Betts Camp brave cold night wind, ski up to The Chalet, and return after party is over.

EACH day I hear of more people packing up and sailing off into the blue, either to England, the Continent, or America. Lots of Sydney and country folk leave in Orcades, and among those farewelled are the Ken Winchcombes and their attractive daughter, Juliet; Paddy Osborne, of Currandooley, Bungendore, and his son, Michael; Captain David Macintyre, of Kay-ugo, Muswellbrook, who leaves to visit relatives at home. Captain Macintyre leaves his attractive wife Di and two young daughters to watch the homestead. Wing-Commander George Keat and his wife, Rae, who have been staying with the Cliff Parays at Point Piper, are returning home to London after a few months in Australia.

NO wonder Australians feel they must be on the move when they hear news of friends abroad and all the thrilling bits and pieces about their tours. My London newshound writes saying she is sweltering in London and can she send a food parcel as news of coal strike is main topic of conversation among Australians in London. "Recently went to meet a boat train from Australia!" she writes. "There were so many Australian lasses that I knew I began to think I was at Prince's for lunch—only dear Cherie (Miss Cheriton, of Prince's) was missing!"

ALSO hear that Hughie Roach and his daughter, Pat, return to Sydney in Stratheden on August 18 trip and that Pam, whose marriage to Lieut. Michael Vaux, R.N., took place recently in London, will be stationed for some months at Cannes and then Paris. Pam's married name, by the way, is pronounced "Vorks."

STAY at the Isle of Wight for Phyl Lyngait and her children when they visit Margaret Hodgson's house there. Margaret writes that she is going down to rusticate there for two months.



INTERESTING WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Meeks leave St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. Mrs. Meeks formerly Mrs. Sheila Hardy, second daughter of Mrs. Dalton, of London, and of late Mr. M. F. Dalton, of Kangaroo, Orange.



AUGUST BRIDE. Diana Lindeman (right) and Betsy Sheldon, who will attend her for her marriage with Bob Crossing when couple marry at St. David's, Killara, on August 27. Diana is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Lindeman, of Noontal, Quirindi, and Bob is younger son of Mrs. V. M. Crossing, of Carinya, Quirindi, and late Mr. Crossing.



WED AT ST. PHILIP'S. Ian Preshaw, of Newcastle, and his bride, formerly Shirley Scoles, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Scoles, of Eastwood. Couple honeymoon at Bundanoon.

OTH^{ER} Australians, who are having interesting time aboard are Mrs. Roy Minnett, who has been in Norway for a fortnight and who will be back here soon; the Roy Cootes, John Carrs, and Sheila Plater are all touring the Continent and Sheila leaves for sailing holiday at Isle of Wight when she returns from Continental trip. Margaret Slater has a job in Austria and goes there in September. News of Fuller family, Ben and wife, Josie, have left London for fortnight in Sweden, their younger daughter, Diane, just loves finishing school at Lausanne, Switzerland, and other daughter, Pat, is hoping to do a course at the Sorbonne and brush up her French. Roslyn Musgrove and Joan Baldock, who are flattening together in London, are enchanted with trip to Rome and Paris, and Ros sends back bundles of theatre programmes to brother, John, of all the wonderful shows she has seen.

INTERESTING job in London is Helen Grist's, who is attached to Agent General's Office. Helen is daughter of the F. E. Grist, of Wahroonga.

GAY few days in Sydney renewing old acquaintances for Helene Kirsova and her husband, Peter Bellevue, Helene, Peter, and Helene's son, Ole, go on to Melbourne before returning to Sydney. Helene arranges colorful scarf in "Queen Victoria bonnet" style, and wears grey tent coat lined with raw silk to guard against wet, dreary day when they lunch at Prince's.

SHIVERING in our cold winter, look with envy at snapshots sent by Nola Threlfo and Brian Griffiths of their wedding at Port Moresby when bride and groom and bridal party are decked out in tropical white. Bride, who was formerly of Strathfield, was popular sister at Port Moresby European Hospital. While in Sydney, Nola was attached to Inglemere Private Hospital, Strathfield. Brian, formerly of Hertfordshire, England, is now with the Australasian Petroleum Company.

Matron of honor, Mrs. Claude Donaldson, only sister of the bride, recently arrived from Sydney.

Joyce

THERE'S MORE TO

THIS than
meets the
eye....



Suppose you had to choose between fine new curtains for the lounge and a Life Assurance policy—which would you take? Beauty for the home and comfort for the present; or protection for a future that seems a long way off. Would you weigh the pros and cons and admit that, "There's more to this than meets the eye"?

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And even that is not the whole story. The savings your husband puts aside must be invested to bring you all the benefits which only Life Assurance can offer. And these savings are constructively used for the betterment of Australia. They are an active stimulus to transport and home building, to road making and bridge building, to primary production and secondary industry. That is why...

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Post Mortem

D. R. STANDISH was puzzled. "What about the girl?" he asked.

Ballard consulted his notes. He said the girl was from Oklahoma City and had met Cooper's grandson at a dance while he was serving as an instructor to Navy fliers at Norman. They married, and she continued to live there until he was reported killed off Okinawa in the summer of '45.

"Then she came to live with the grandfather," Ballard said. "Been here ever since."

"She and Morley didn't get along?"

"Because she said he started making passes at her," Ballard scowled. "That Morley," he said, "I don't know. He's a writer, so he says. He's writing something that's supposed to remake the world his way. He's been living with the old man for five years, and the servants could never understand why the old man put up with him. But he did. Morley stands to get a third of that dough, and if old Cooper got wind of something and put Max Pell to checking up on him—"

He leaned forward. "Something a bit queer about the whole set-up," he said. "So, what about an autopsy?"

Dr. Standish lit a cigarette. He knew that in a legal sense he was within his rights to perform or order an autopsy. He knew, too, that there were other than legal considerations.

"Frank Alton is the Cooper lawyer," he said. "He carries a lot of weight in town. If I do a p.m. and find out Cooper died as Lanning says he died—"

"Alton will throw that weight around," Ballard finished. "Yes," he said, and stood up. "I guess he could make it tough for a young man like you." He hesitated, put on his hat. "It's up to you, doc."

The doctor's grin was humorless. "Get out," he said. "Beat it. I'll do your p.m. to-night."

Paul Standish had caused to view his decision with doubt several times before the afternoon was over. He had to listen to Lanning's protests; he had to listen to Frank Alton, who threatened.

"I can't stop you," Alton said, "but if you're wrong I can promise you more publicity than you ever had in your life—all of it bad."

Mary Hayward added her arguments to the others when she learned what Standish intended to do. Normally her manner during office hours was one of strict formality, but occasionally she scolded and bullied him with the proprietary intensity of a woman in love, though it was unlikely that she had ever admitted such an interest, even to herself.

"I think you're crazy," she said quite honestly. "To risk your future just because Lieutenant Ballard has some silly hunch."

In the hours that followed Standish found himself wishing he had taken Mary's advice. Not until after eleven o'clock that night did he know for a certainty that Lieutenant Ballard's suspicions were well founded. James Cooper had indeed died of a hemorrhage, but not, as Lanning had maintained, a spontaneous one brought on by natural causes. Cooper had been murdered.

The city maintained an office for its medical examiner on the second floor of the mortuary, and adjoining this was a conference room. Here, at nine-thirty the next morning, Dr. Standish was to make known his findings to Lieutenant Ballard and those he had summoned.

Dwight Morley sat indolently in his chair at one end of the yellow oak table, his myopic eyes veiled but suspicious. Louise Cooper, in a simple black dress that accentuated her paleness and made her brown eyes enormous, sat at one side. Next to her was Dr. Lanning, his mouth aullen as with hostile eyes he watched Standish move some eight-by-ten prints from an envelope.

Standish gave it to them straight. He said Lieutenant Ballard's suspicions had been confirmed. He said James Cooper had been murdered, though this was no reflection on Lanning's diagnosis, since the type of wound would be clinically undetected.

"Given the same case history, I would have made the same diagnosis," he said.

Continued from page 5

nosis," he said. "It took an autopsy to reveal the truth."

Lanning reached for the photographs, stared at one and then another, his mouth white. Louise Cooper's eyes were wide and incredulous as she watched Lanning. Dwight Morley shifted in his chair.

"What was the cause of death?"

"Cooper was stabbed," Standish said, "with a thin round instrument like an awl or an ice-pick. Stabbed here," he said, and put a finger in front of and slightly above his ear. "The autopsy showed the brain wound and when we shaved the hair we photographed the point of entry. Not over three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter," he said, "with a minute scratch an eighth of an inch from that."

He rose, collected his photographs, and handed them to Ballard, his lean face grave, as he studied briefly those around the table.

"He died yesterday morning," he said, "but in my opinion he was stabbed the night before after the sleeping pill had taken effect. A younger man might have lived for days with that sort of wound, but in Mr. Cooper's condition death came more quickly."

"But,"—Dwight Morley swallowed—"there was no blood."

"A drop or two possibly," Standish said, "which the killer wiped away some time before morning." He walked to the door. "I'll make my report and send a copy to the district attorney," he said to Ballard. The lieutenant followed him into the hall, asking the others to remain.

"Now what, doc?" he said. "Look for an ice-pick or an awl, preferably one that has a rough spot in the metal that crimps the handle to the blade."

"Sure," Ballard scowled. "But what do you think? You must have some ideas. You generally do."

STANDISH fashioned a wry grin. "You wanted an autopsy," he said. "You had an idea Max Pell's murder was hooked up with Cooper and it looks as if you were right. Anyway, now you've got another murder."

Ballard looked hard at him, half closing one eye. "Just like that, huh?" he said.

Standish pretended he didn't hear. "My job is to determine the cause of death," he said. "You and the D.A. are supposed to take it from there, and you know it."

But as the day wore on, Dr. Standish found it hard to sit back and do nothing. It was all right while he was busy with patients; it was all right when Ballard came in at noon with an ice-pick which he had found in the Cooper kitchen and which had the proper length and the required rough spot on the metal crimping. But when Standish had a chance to think over the things Ballard had said, the seeds of worry grew like weeds in the soil of his imagination.

For Ballard was concentrating on Dr. Lanning, and his reasons seemed sound.

"He's going to marry one-third of two millions," Ballard said. "To stop him, the old man was going to fire him and maybe—I admit I'm guessing on this—cut the girl off. Max Pell was in Chicago checking on something, and Lanning came from Chicago. Also," he said, "Lanning had the sort of knowledge a man would need to think up a murder like that. He never dreamed there'd be a p.m."

Standish made no comment. For the next two hours he busied himself with routine work, then he drove to the Cooper home.

There he talked to the houseman and servants; he inspected again the old man's suite and took a quick look at Dwight Morley's bedroom and study. When he returned to the office he telephoned a local travel agency. Then he called a friend of his, saying he would be unable to attend the State Medical Association dinner, and asked him to read the paper he had prepared for it.

Mary Hayward, overhearing the last of this conversation, was horrified.

Please turn to page 22

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DOCTOR



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GARAGE PROPRIETORS Harold Johnson and Arthur Winder, of Milingong, N.S.W., with some of the articles such as watches and tyres which truck-drivers have left with them as deposit for petrol.

Trucks and trailers crowd road in food haul

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

A record number of trucks have rumbled over Australian highways and byways in the past few weeks on the spectacular road lift made necessary by the coal strike.

The men who kept them rolling were regular drivers on the routes, reinforced by others diverted from normal employment as a result of the strike.

ON a 600-mile journey along a N.S.W. highway last week I met some of the cheerful, hard-working men who brought commodities from one State and returned with equally precious foodstuffs or other essentials.

Day and night I saw their heavily loaded vehicles slowly climbing hills, gathering speed along flat stretches, or pulled in at the roadside while the drivers slept for a while or made tea at a camp fire. Often unshaven after days on the road, wearing either overalls, oddments of service clothes, leather jackets, slacks, old suits, and layers of pullovers and cardigans, I realised in spite of their varying types and different appearance that all had something in common.

I didn't discover what it was until Driver Frank Marion, of Seddon, Victoria, said to me: "You can always pick out truck drivers—they look tired."

The regular drivers told me that since the "road lift" began, after the restriction of rail services, the number of trucks along the roads had more than trebled.

"I've seen more trucks on the road in the past few weeks than I'd see in six months in normal times," said Keith Smith, of Chatawood, Sydney, a regular interstate truck driver.

I met Keith, his wife Marjorie, and John Daniell, of Newtown, Sydney, at the foot of the Razorback Mountain, on the Hume Highway, between Sydney and Melbourne.

They were returning to Sydney from Adelaide with supplies of South Australian celery. The Smiths had 12 tons on their truck, and John Daniell had ten on his.

Next truck driver we met was Jim Herring, of Enfield, Sydney, who was wiping frost from his windscreen and stamping to restore feeling to his feet.

"Practically took my feet off this morning," he told us. "I thought I'd lost them this time."

Jim usually sleeps in the cabin of his truck, because "you can't get into pubs when you hit a town about midnight."

He was carrying a large load of South Australian wine for Sydney and general cargo from Melbourne. He had unloaded general cargo from Adelaide in Melbourne.

At Breadalbane, N.S.W., I met a cheerful bunch who were travelling

as a convoy, although their trucks and loads were unrelated.

The five drivers in the convoy stopped at Breadalbane to talk with local publican Fred Bridge, who always leaves the side door of his hotel open so that truck drivers can come in at any hour of the night for a sleep.

"Some of them have their few hours' sleep, leave 5/- on the dressing-table to pay for the night's lodging, and are well on their way before I'm up in the morning," Fred Bridge told me.

"Others stay for breakfast and a bit of a yarn before pushing on." Fred said that since the coal shortage there were a lot of new faces on the road with the "old gang working harder than ever."

He described the drivers he knew as a "quiet, cheerful, rough crowd, and pretty light drinkers."

Some of the men told me that they either don't touch liquor or allow themselves only an odd beer while travelling on the road.

"Alcohol, particularly beer, makes you too tired when you're driving," said Ken Beythlen, of Woodville



BROTHERS Dave and Bill Legg, of Captain's Flat, N.S.W., and staff reporter Georgina O'Sullivan warm their hands over roadside fire in early hours of morning.

Grove, Adelaide. "Most of the boys are tea drinkers."

He was backed in this statement by his employer, Jack Symons, of North Adelaide, who was travelling with him on the return journey from Port Kembla, N.S.W., to Adelaide, with a load of steel.

"I put a dozen bottles of beer on the truck before we left Adelaide, and they're still untouched," said Jack.

Jack's trucks usually operate from Adelaide to Melbourne or the Rocket Range in Central Australia, but some of them are busy now carrying groceries and vegetables to Sydney.

He thinks that if a coal shortage stopped train services altogether, trucks would be able to transport food and essentials satisfactorily, but could not deal entirely with wool and wheat supplies.

"Although, it's wonderful what you can do if you're up against things," he mused.

In Adelaide hundreds of rail trucks usually carry firewood, but now the motor trucks are bucking in and carrying it.

Most big trucks carry full supplies of petrol in side tanks, but drivers of the smaller trucks who have joined in the "road lift" are not so well equipped, and sometimes run out of petrol.

Drivers have their troubles, of course, with breakdowns, and I saw at least a dozen trucks pulled in at the roadside.

One, Peter MacPherson, of Tumbarumba, N.S.W., whose gearbox had fallen off, was most worried when we came upon him about a bag of frozen fish he had for a Gundagai hotel. We took the fish in for him.

Traffic rules for the trucks vary somewhat in each State, but most of the men declared that Victoria was strictest.

In Victoria a driver must rest for half an hour after five and a half hours' driving, and he must have 10 hours' rest after he has been on the road for 11 hours.

READERS' COLOR PICTURES

Thousands of color transparencies have been sent in as a result of our invitation to readers to send us natural color pictures.

We have used some of these as covers and some on inside pages, and have bought many others, which we plan to publish from time to time as space permits. But it will be a considerable time before we can use all the transparencies we have in hand.

So please don't send in any more for the time being. As soon as we are able to use more, we will make an announcement to that effect.

We extend our thanks to the many readers who have sent in negatives. We appreciate their interest, and also the quality and wide range of work submitted.

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More pictures—see pages 28-29

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3 In a **BIGGER, BRIGHTER** packet, too! Another good reason why I'll always buy New Persil!

GET NEW *better-than-ever* PERSIL NOW
— SEE THE EXTRA DAZZLE IN ALL YOUR WASH!

BEFORE Mary could say anything, Standish telephoned Ballard.

"Still think Lanning is your boy?" he asked. "Have you booked him?"

"Not yet," Ballard said. "Why? I thought you weren't interested."

Standish ducked that one. He said he'd been thinking things over. "I think you've got the wrong man," he said. "I don't know whether I can prove it or not. I'm not even sure I can—"

Ballard cut him off with a growl. He had worked with Paul Standish often enough to respect his intelligence and ability. In the past the doctor's observations had helped break other murders, and Ballard was not the sort of officer who, once he had settled on a suspect, became blind to other aspects of a case.

"Never mind the prologue," he said. "Will you try—and what do you want me to do?"

Standish told him without elaborating his own theory, and when he hung up he found Mary Hayward standing before him.

"So that's the reason you can't give your speech?"

Standish had a hard time meeting her gaze. He tried to pretend it was not important. "It'll probably be a dreadful dinner, anyway. Look," he said. "I should be back by seven. We'll go out somewhere and get a steak."

"No," said Mary. "We will not." Then, because the things Standish did were so important to her, she continued her scolding without shame.

"I should think it would be enough, the chance you took performing that autopsy," she said. "I can understand that you felt it was your duty. But this other—well, you've said yourself your job was to determine the cause of death, and if you go up there trying to be a detective, instead of going to that dinner, then all I can say is that you're just—"

She groped for a word and found it—"just grand-standing."

Standish pushed back his chair and stood up, his eyes averted so she could not see the hurt and disappointment mirrored there.

"You're probably right, Mary," he said quietly.

"But you're going."

"Until I'm sure about Dr. Lanning. I'm really responsible for putting him on the spot. Maybe he's guilty; maybe Ballard can prove it. But if he's not, and he gets involved and perhaps arrested, it will ruin his career whether he's guilty or not."

He added shortly: "You can leave those letters I dictated on the desk and I'll sign them when I get back. There's no need for you to wait."

There was a police car parked in the Cooper driveway. When Dr. Standish went upstairs he found Lieutenant Ballard waiting with a plain-clothes man. The photographer was setting up his equipment under the suspicious gaze of Dwight Morley, while Louise Cooper watched without apparent interest.

Dr. Lanning, who had been sitting on the arm of his chair, stood up when he saw Standish.

"What is this?" he demanded. "Are you taking over the functions of the detective bureau, Standish? Because if you are—"

Ballard interrupted, his voice steady: "I'd take it easy if I were you, Dr. Lanning. I'm the guy that thinks maybe you're guilty, not the doctor. He took the trouble to come up here to see if he could prove I was wrong."

Lanning sat down again, glanced uncertainly about. Then, some of his defiance and bluster still remaining, he said, "What makes you think I didn't kill him, Standish?"

"I don't think you would have used that ice-pick," Standish said. "It came from downstairs, from a kitchen drawer. I doubt if you'd even know it was there and—"

"I didn't."

"I don't think you'd have used it, anyway," Standish went on, "unless you were trying to pin the job on someone else, because you have instruments of your own that would have done just as well."

Continued from page 20

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "I doubt if any doctor in his right mind would be stupid enough to kill in that fashion. A smart attending physician could take the life of a man in Mr. Cooper's condition by simpler methods and without fear of post-mortem findings."

"I thought of that, but—" Lieutenant Ballard paused, his gaze troubled. "Max Pell had a Pullman stub from Chicago," he said. "Lanning came from Chicago."

"What I want to know," Dwight Morley said, pointing at the photographer, "is what this fellow is supposed to be doing."

No one answered him. The others were watching Standish, and he said, "All that stub proves is that Pell passed through Chicago. The hundred and forty-odd dollars he had on his bill suggests that he went a lot farther than Chicago. I checked with a travel agency. For that money a man might go twice that far. Maybe to Oklahoma. Pell wrote the word, Greene, opposite his hotel charge. There is a Hotel Greene in Oklahoma City."

He turned on Dwight Morley.

"You want to know what he's doing?" He indicated the photographer. "He's going to take some pictures of that bottom shelf and the reference books Cooper kept there. I came up here this afternoon and checked on your library. I notice that you go in for pretty highbrow stuff."

"I don't read this junk."

"Somebody did," Standish said.

"Somebody took a particular interest in this book." He pointed to a heavy volume of legal medicine. "It's been used recently, because the top of it is clean and the adjoining volumes have a thin coating of dust. That's what we're going to photograph first."

STANDISH took a breath and said, "I've got a copy of that book in my office; most medical examiners have. We'll photograph page 412, I think. Because on that page is a picture of a man who died like Cooper died. It shows the tiny little hole the ice-pick made, a hole covered by hair that went undetected until the autopsy. I think the fingerprints we'll find on that page will match yours, Mrs. Cooper."

For three long seconds no one moved. Then Lanning jumped up, his face stiff. "No!" he said. "Now wait!"

Standish ignored him. He was watching Louise Cooper's drawn, grey face, the approaching hysteria in her hot, bright eyes. He went on, his voice direct, controlled.

"We might even find the answer for those red nails you were in such a hurry to paint," he said. "There wasn't much blood, was there? A drop or two which you wiped from the wound. But there was blood on the weapon and you got a drop or so inside the nail, in the quick, where it wouldn't wash off and where you couldn't dig it out without making the quick bleed."

He said, "When the Lieutenant came, I guess that stain worried you until you realised that no one would notice it if you painted your nails." He glanced at Ballard and Ballard was watching the woman. Standish continued: "A microscopic analysis will tell us if I'm right about that and—"

He had no chance to finish. The hysteria and panic he had seen growing in the woman's eyes took command. She came out of the chair with catlike quickness, whirling away from the still incredulous Lanning and turning towards the doorway.

Please turn to page 27

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 1200 to 1500 words; articles up to 1800 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3000, G.P.O., Sydney.

WORTH Reporting

WHILE city people have had a struggle to get wood this winter, white-haired Miss Kate Cocks, founder of the Methodist Babies' Home at Somerton, South Australia, has organised well ahead to keep the home fires burning.

Miss Cocks was formerly Principal of the South Australian Women Police, and she's celebrated for her enterprise and drive.

Before the war she could always count on gifts of wood for the Home. During the war the Government Supply Department saw to her needs.

But the day came, a couple of years ago, when she rang them in vain.

"Not a stick," she was told. "Doubt if you'll get it anywhere." "I must have wood," she said, "to keep the babies warm—and I'll get it, you'll see."

Later in the day she was on her way to see the wife of one of the city's biggest wood merchants when, at the busy G.P.O. corner, she saw two big loads of wood going by.

She rushed into the traffic and jumped on the running-board of one of the trucks.

"I must get this wood," she said. "You'll get killed," said the bewildered driver. "For goodness sake, woman, get off."

"Pull in to the kerb," she pleaded, "while I talk to you."

"Madam, this wood is ordered," said the driver.

She persisted, the driver pulled in, and she stated her case.

"If I let you have this wood, Miss Cocks," said the driver, weakening a little, "I'll have to work all night to fill this order."

"Well, I've worked all night many times for people," she countered.

She got the two trucks full. The man returned to the country and worked all night.

Ever since, when he thinks the home is due for a new load, he rings up.

When we saw Miss Cocks, he had just telephoned to say he'd be down next day as usual.

Six pounds a week for school fare

THERE doesn't sound anything proverbially Scotch about a recent decision by the Inverness County Education Committee to pay £6 a week to transport an eight-year-old boy from his home in a distant glen to the nearest school every day.

Members of the committee argued it out. Some pointed out that a boy could go to a good boarding school for the £240 a year; but against that it was argued that 12 years old was young enough for a child to leave home.

Sir D. W. Cameron, of Lochiel, said: "You could send a boy to Eton or Harrow for that; but, on the other hand, you cannot get people to go and live in these remote glens unless there is education provided for their children."

"The Highlands have been built on a home background, and we are leaving that home background more and more every day," said another committee member, who thought 12 was young enough to leave home.



"What I am willing to give you, Miss Crane, is the experience to write good confession stories."

Enjoys life on Labuan Island

A CORRESPONDENT who flew on the recently inaugurated Qantas service between Sydney and Hong-kong told us of a visit to Labuan, where he met Mrs. J. Mearns, wife of a Customs official.

Mrs. Mearns, who accompanied her husband there from Sydney, enjoys her life on this 34-square-mile Borneo island, where the main link with the outside world is the fortnightly plane which stops for two hours to refuel.

There are seven other white families, and the whole European population, 28 grown-ups and six children, always visits the crushed coral airstrip to meet the plane.

The new wooden house of the District Officer is much admired by the other white families who are waiting to have similar houses built. Meanwhile they live in "kajangs," houses made native style from plaited atap grass.

A group of rusted landing craft on the beach is a memento of the landing of the A.I.F. when it re-took the island from the Japanese. Not far away are gravestones of British Naval casualties of 100 years ago, who fought pirates at Labuan.

"Food is mostly imported from Singapore," Mrs. Mearns said. "For fresh meat we have wild buffalo. Our own hens help us with eggs, though the poultry has to be watched."

"Last week a 16-foot python got into the poultry run. While Jim held it down with a spade I had to chop its head off with an axe. Ugh!"

"Each family entertains others to dinner in turn," Mrs. Mearns said. "Now and again a naval ship puts into the harbor. Then we have a really good dance on board, and the Navy puts on a film show for us."

"Last year we had leave in Sydney, but, strangely enough, after the first couple of weeks we were looking forward to coming back here."

Elephants carried wedding couple

AFTER their marriage at the parish church of Tipton in Staffordshire, England, Mr. James Garner and his bride, Miss Joan Hodgkins, of Dudley, in Worcestershire, found two elephants waiting outside the porch.

A brown-skinned Cingalese elephant boy bowed them up a ladder into the howdah on the back of the first elephant, Meena, and as soon as they were comfortably settled Timpie, the second elephant, caught the tail of the first elephant in his trunk, and the two elephants lumbered through the streets to the reception about a mile away.

This was a wedding surprise provided by the heads of the Dudley Zoo, where the new Mrs. Garner had worked in the restaurant for some years before her marriage.

Ecclesiastical candles

A FACTORY which makes beeswax ecclesiastical candles has been developed in Adelaide since the war.

Before the war most church candles were imported from England. Anglican, Catholic, and Lutheran Churches use candles in their services because they are odorless and burn well—beeswax is the favorite material for them.

In fact, there is a law in the Catholic Church, dating back centuries, that candles for Mass must contain 65 per cent. beeswax.

When during the war beeswax was required extensively for munitions, the churches had to fall back on stearin (a derivative of tallow), and the Pope granted dispensation for its use. Although the dispensation still holds, most churches of the denomination have tried to get beeswax again.

As a result of the shortage many priests began making their own beeswax candles.

The Adelaide factory, E. J. Wilson & Co., of Rutland Place, is establishing a big business by trading direct with churches all over the Commonwealth, even in Darwin.

Mr. Wilson says the most difficult candle to make is the three-in-one, the triple candle used on Holy Saturday.

A long candle is manipulated by hand to have a double bend, and the three divisions represent the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Beeswax is darkish in color, but a certain amount of bleaching leaves it a delicate coral-pink. Complete bleaching is preferred, however, for church candles.

High altar candles measure 36 inches by 2½ inches. For vespers lengths are 24 or 18 inches by 2½ inches.

With the right wick and the right wax mixture, a 36-inch candle takes 86 hours to burn.

THE Malvern Festival of Drama will be revived in England this year from August 8 to September 3. George Bernard Shaw, to whom the Festival is dedicated, has written a play, "Buoyant Billions," which will have its world premiere. "The Apple Cart," which he wrote in 1929, and "In Good King Charles' Golden Days" (1939) will also be performed.

Horror theatre is short of plays

AFTER 50 years of continuous production, the Grand Guignol Theatre in Paris is now having a difficult time finding suitable plays, writes Betty Nesbit, from Paris.

Madame Eva Berkson, English director of the famous "horror" theatre, says there aren't any playwrights who can write creepy and terrifying plays. Although she receives about six plays a day from aspiring playwrights, there are few suitable for the Guignol. They must not only have plenty of corpses, but must be well constructed.

So the company is doing the plays which have been enacted for many years—"A Crime in the Madhouse," "The Bloody Embrace," "Blood in the Shadows," and "The Executioner of Infants."

These days the audience is mostly composed of foreign visitors. The French audiences, says Madame, have been toughened by war, and to get them interested she would need to have a woman cut up on the stage and the pieces thrown to the audience.

Nevertheless, the plays are strong stuff. Among the Guignol secrets are how blood appears to spurt from a wound.

The theatre of the Grand Guignol in Rue Capital, Montmartre, is in a former chapel built in 1890. It has also been an exhibition salon for a maker of religious objects, and later the studio of a painter.

Youngest actor in the company is Jacky Gancel. He is seven, and at time of writing was appearing in "The Executioner of Infants," in which he plays a long scene with a madman who has epileptic fits, drinks himself into further madness, and finally shoots himself.

After it's all over Jacky's mother takes him home and puts him to bed. She says he sleeps soundly.



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"Dad, some day, please, can we go on a train?"

What is meant by The P.L.B. Shield GUARANTEE?



The ordinary rule is that when you buy something, you take it "as it is," with all its faults, whatever they may be. It may have hidden defects you do not see.



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BUTCH



HAZEL



It seems to me...

IN times of stress you always hear of incidents that show the kindness and best side of human beings.

I heard a little story the other day that illustrated this practical sympathy.

Husband of a woman in one of what you might call the white-collar suburbs—not industrial, but not a rich area—was out of work because of the strike.

Having heard a rumor that bread might be short, the wife bought some extra at a local shop.

She found she had overstocked, bread wasn't short, and when the baker called as usual she asked for only half a loaf. "Half?" he said in surprise, looking at her and noticing that her husband was at home.

"Yes, I have plenty," she said.

The next day, with the bread still holding out, though stale, her order was the same.

The baker looked at her this time with real concern. "Are you sure you only want half?" he asked again. Still not realising the reason for the baker's question, she assured him she had enough.

A few minutes later the kitchen window was pushed up from outside. In came a hand with four bread rolls. "Here, take these," said the baker. "Don't worry about the money. I know what it is to be out of work myself."

A COUPLE of city-bred girls were admiring a Mrs. Potts iron in one of the big department stores the other day. "Great idea, aren't they?" marvelled one.

Whether ironing with a Mrs. Potts is a long-forgotten trial or a novelty, the expense is a stumbling block. The ones I saw were 36/6 a set of three.

The sight of them starts most people speculating on what happened to the ones mother used to own. Most of them became doorstops, and then were allowed quietly to rust away, though in some households they were kept for pressing tongues.

Which reminds me, I once pressed a tongue with a portable typewriter. Trying, especially as the tongue turned out to be half-cooked and had to be unwound and boiled all over again.

To return to irons, I have a friend with a positively Heath-Robinsonian turn of improvisation who once lacked an iron for making a transfer on linen.

She filled a cocoa tin with earth, heated it in the oven, and rolled it over the transfer with success.

Such crises as the present are a challenge to her ingenuity, and there are more of her kind than you'd think.

THE Saudi-Arabian Government has authorised contracts with British firms to install electric lighting in Mecca, the Holy City of the Moslems.

If it keeps on working, the town will be a Mecca to more than the Moslems.

SEEING a mention of gold whistles on umbrellas for summoning taxis as a fashion fad in New York reminds me of that hilarious book, "Abbie," by Dane Chandos, which, published a couple of years ago, is being widely read at present.

Abbie is an autocratic, dogmatic, mean, much-travelled, and diverting Englishwoman who purports to be the author's aunt.

Among her numerous eccentricities is a gold bracelet from which dangle all sorts of handy objects, including a whistle with which she is wont, when annoyed, to summon porters and head waiters.

Another of her habits is to pinch letterhead paper from anywhere she happens to stay and, using it later, make some reminiscent comment on the service.

In a letter written on paper from a hotel in New South Wales she comments: "Frequently forced to resort to my whistle."

By



Dorothy Drain

THE other day I asked a department store whether the handling of dress materials by customers caused much damage.

They said no. Very delicate fabrics were kept out of reach. Others suffered little, as customers, on the whole, treated them with care.

This surprised me, since which of us, admiring a length of fabric on a table, doesn't finger it as well as look at it? And hands up those who, when considering a line labelled "unwashable," don't surreptitiously roll a piece of it into a ball to see if it's true.

However, we can expect some interesting spectacles in the stores when the new scented materials being manufactured in London reach the Australian market.

The shops may have to put up genteelly worded notices saying: "Customers are advised that the aroma of the material is readily perceptible at a distance of several feet."

In more forthright establishments the notices may simply read: "Do not sniff the fabric."

MOVING the furniture around is a vice most women are addicted to in a greater or lesser degree.

Feeling there was something lacking in me because I can tolerate furniture in the same position for years and years, I was rather relieved when a newly acquired second-hand set of bookshelves brought on a mild attack last week-end.

The process of rearrangement was nothing like the crises that used to go on when I once shared a flat with a girl who had recurring attacks of great intensity.

We had every possible permutation and combination of our limited pieces in our limited space. Once I noticed her looking at the ceiling with an expression suggesting that only gravity prevented further alteration.

Since then she has married, and sometimes sighs for the grand old days when nothing was static. Men are so obstinate. If you ask them to shift a piano, they want to know why.

A HOLIDAY hotel is to be built between Kokoda and Buna, in Papua. Visitors will be able to play tennis, golf, and hunt wild pigs.

The news brings a reminder that seven years ago this month the name Kokoda was written on every Australian's heart.

The Japs, having landed at Gona and Buna, were pushing towards Moresby. Between them and our forces lay the Owen Stanley Range.

I have beside me a folder of yellowed library cuttings of the war news of 1942.

Looking through them, one feels again the apprehension, the sinking of the heart.

All through the month of August, and for many weeks afterwards, the name Kokoda was before us.

There were few of us optimistic enough to believe that the time would come when Australians would be shooting for fun around the Owen Stanleys.

A PARTY of American tourists at Stoke Poges, in England, was disappointed when the village church immortalised by Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" failed to "toll the knell of parting day." The vicar sadly explained he couldn't get any volunteers to ring the bell.

The curfew falls to toll the parting day,
The touring crowd winds slowly o'er the lea.
For visitors with dollars, why not pay
A ploughman and a bellringer a fee?



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Personally formulated by PEGGY SAGE in her New York Salon and used by distinguished women the world over, PEGGY SAGE will give you that added accent of exotic, glowing colour at your finger-tips... an added advantage is its long lasting quality—PEGGY SAGE is obtainable at all first class chemists and stores.

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HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES:—

1. Give this picture a good title, one which best describes the scene in a few simple words. Write the title clearly on the coupon below, or on a plain sheet of paper. Print legibly your name and address on the coupon or sheet of paper.
2. Send in as many entries as you wish, provided you attach to each entry a cutting containing the words "Cream of Tartar" from any packet or can of Self-Raising Flour or Baking Powder. In the case of entries from Queensland or Western Australia, it is unnecessary, however, to attach any cutting because of the Queensland and Western Australian Coupon and Trading Stamp Acts, and entries may be sent in on a plain sheet of paper.

3. The contest is open for two months, from June 13 to August 12, 1949, and the list of prizes is as follows:—

1st PRIZE	£200 CASH
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25 PRIZES EACH £5 CASH	

Every competitor will be sent a handsome reproduction, in full colour, of the competition picture.

4. Mail your entry to Cream of Tartar, Box 4119, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Entries must be received into Box 4119, G.P.O., Sydney, before 5 p.m. on August 12, 1949.

5. Decision of the judges, to be appointed by Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd., will be final on all matters and no correspondence will be entertained regarding such decisions. Entries become the property of Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd., and may be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned.

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—From a Govt. Analyst's Report.

YOU CAN RELY ON CREAM OF TARTAR.



Ringside Maiden

Continued from page 7

NEITHER Agatha nor Charlie spoke as they moved with the crowd out through the portal and along the tiled corridor. But as they came into the cooler air Agatha said, "I don't know just what it was you did, Charlie, but you did something."

"I didn't do anything," he said grimly. "But I hoped I could knock those crazy ideas about this prize-fighter out of your head, Agatha."

They had reached Charlie's convertible, and he opened the door for her, but Agatha said, "We're going to wait for Oscar and Lefty."

"They'll be a long time coming," "I see the station wagon over there," Agatha said, "I'm going to wait in the station wagon. I'd just like to know what made you think Lefty would get knocked out."

Charlie smiled. "That Sonnyboy Jones can hit," he said. "He comes in every fight with a rush, and if he wins, he wins first round. Once he's tagged he goes wild."

Agatha looked at him coldly. "You told Oscar he was a boxer with a glass jaw who had no punch at all. Oscar trusted you."

Charlie shrugged and said, "All's fair in love and prize-fights."

Agatha turned and walked away toward the corner of the parking lot, where she had seen the station wagon. He followed.

"Can you blame me, Agatha?" he demanded.

Agatha did not answer. Cars were moving out of the lot and lights flashed across their faces. Charlie said, "I knew it would make you angry, but I took that chance. Agatha, you've got no business being mixed up in this kind of thing."

"Why not?" Agatha said.

"With a boy like that, I mean."

"I'm not mixed up with anybody."

Agatha said, "This is business."

"Business?" Charlie said, and laughed. "You know as much about business—"

Agatha said, "Why don't you go on home, Charlie? I'm going with Oscar and Lefty."

He took out a cigarette, looked at it, and put it back in his pocket.

"So it's that way, then," he said.

Their eyes met, and Charlie's jaw set. Agatha said, "You'd better go on home, Charlie. Here they come, anyhow."

Oscar was carrying a suitcase and his black kit bag, and Lefty walked easily at his side. Agatha pushed open the door of the station wagon, calling, "We've been waiting for you."

Lefty was smiling as he came up. "How did you like it, Aggie?"

"You scared me to death."

Oscar looked at Charlie and set the suitcase and kit bag down, very carefully, on the gravel of the parking lot. "Okay, wise guy, you asked for it."

Agatha saw the blur of Oscar's body in the dim light, heard the solid thump of his fist. Charlie dropped to the ground and sat there, looking up at Oscar.

"Stop it, Oscar," Agatha said.

Charlie was on his feet again and had put up his fists. He backed away, but Oscar did not follow. Oscar turned, and reached for the suitcase and kit bag.

"I was a sucker in the first round," Lefty said. "But I rode it through, Aggie. It was the old left hook. I was pretty good, wasn't I?"

"Yes," Agatha said. "You were wonderful, Lefty."

His black hair was brushed back slickly. His eyes were bright under the ridge of his brow, and for an instant his gaze held Agatha's. Then his arms were around her, powerful and assured, and he kissed her.

Lights flashed on in Charlie Harper's convertible. Agatha moved breathlessly away from Lefty Langan. Seeing Oscar, she said, "Oscar, a victory for you, too. You did it, too!"

Oscar smiled and bent down, turning his cheek for her kiss. He still held the suitcase and kit bag in his hand.

Charlie's car was moving on out of the parking lot, and Agatha hoped that the kiss for Oscar had partly salvaged the situation. She got behind the wheel and Lefty sat beside her.

"You know," Oscar said, as they drove away, "maybe the guy done us a favor. Lefty was out on his feet, but he didn't switch to south-

paw. He covered up and he kept sticking out his left."

Agatha sat silent at the wheel, and presently her foot pressed down on the accelerator. But speed did not ease her inner turmoil. It was pretty much a mess, she thought, and she supposed she couldn't blame Charlie Harper for acting like a male.

"Another week of it," Oscar said as the car shot along a black highway lined by trees, "another week of it, and I'll see about a match in New York. Lefty, I'm going to send you in every two weeks. You're gonna hit those New York clubs like a hurricane."

"How about the Garden?" Lefty asked. "That's where I want to be the big win, in the Garden."

Gwen was waiting on the porch and as she turned into the driveway Agatha waved and called out, "We won, Mother."

They clustered on the lawn and Oscar told Gwen about the fight, then they had a celebration. Gwen went for ice and drinks—beer for Lefty—and Oscar telephoned Leo's Place to report the victory.

Lefty dropped into a chair on the porch, stretched out his legs, and lay back at ease, looking up at Agatha. Because she wanted to get matters straight with him, Agatha said: "It was thrilling to-night, Lefty, and we were proud of you. You certainly deserved a great big victory kiss."

He remained silent, and Agatha said, "And so did Oscar. We owe Oscar a lot, don't we?"

"Sure we do," he said. "Aggie, I get it. You're slapping me down, I guess. I was out of line again."

"I didn't mean that," Agatha said.

"Now, look, don't get all the wrong ideas again. Lefty, we're good friends, and I hope we stay good friends. Let's have a nice, uncomplicated friendship."

"Okay, Aggie." He smiled up at her. "I had my wires crossed about you. I got to admit, I didn't figure you at first. Now I know you're a bighearted girl who takes people just like they come, and to-night, when I came out of the arena, I was pretty proud of myself, because I hadn't let you down. See what I mean? I'd feel pretty bad, if I let you down."

"Lefty, I'd feel the same," Agatha said. "So when I found you waiting there," he went on, "my heart was as big as a boxing glove and I just had to do something about it. I had to show you how I felt. I didn't mean to get out of line."

"It's all right, Lefty," she said.

Gwen returned then, carrying a tray with bottles and glasses, and Oscar appeared behind her, saying: "The celebration is starting at Leo's Place, Lefty. They were waiting for the call, and the whole gang is there."

"Yeah?" Lefty said, without turning his head. "Lucille there, too?"

"I don't believe Walter mentioned Lucille," Oscar said, and turned to Agatha. "That Walter told me to tell you everything's okay at Leo's Place. He said to tell you your counselor's been dropping in to check up. Was there last night with a knock-out blonde?"

"Was he?" Agatha said. "He doesn't seem the type for blondes."

Gwen, with an uncertain glance first at Agatha, then Lefty, said, "Who is this you're talking about?"

Lefty said, smiling a little, and with his bright eyes fixed on Agatha, "Her boy friend, Mrs. Christopher."

"He's not at all," Agatha protested. "His name is Jack Barlow, Mother, and I hardly know him. He's the lawyer who wrote me about Uncle Leo's legacy."

"All I know," Lefty said, "is every time you were in Leo's Place, he was in Leo's Place."

They drank Lefty's health, then Oscar told Gwen more details about the fight, and talked about his plans. He'd go down to New York in a couple of days and see about a match for Lefty at one of the metropolitan clubs.

There would be a full schedule of fighting all autumn, a couple of bouts a month, and with a little luck Lefty would be in the Garden by the first of the year.

"Against Eddie Manolo," Lefty put in.

Please turn to page 30



Post Mortem Continued from page 22

STANDISH recognised this wild desire to escape as the instinctive animal-like reaction of one whose mind no longer functions properly, and let Ballard and the plainclothes man deal with it. Seeing the look of shock and horror on Lanning's face, he knew that it was the young doctor and not the woman who would most need help and sympathy.

Mary Hayward was waiting when Dr. Standish returned to his office at seven-thirty. So were three reporters and a photographer who had heard about the autopsy. They wanted to know details and asked if he had any ideas about the murderer.

Standish said he had no comment. He said he had given a full report to the district attorney, and that any statement would have to come from him.

"If you're interested in the police angle," he said, "why don't you talk to Lieutenant Ballard? I understand he made an arrest just a few minutes ago."

The gentlemen of the Press got out fast, and when Mary closed the door Standish went into his office, put his hat on the desk, and sank gratefully into the chair. Mary came in and sat down opposite him. After a moment she said, her voice ashamed: "And I thought you were grandstanding. I'm sorry."

Standish glanced at her, seeing mostly the concern in her eyes. He told her to forget it, and because he felt so weary and beaten and empty inside he just closed his eyes and sat motionless. Mary went to the

small refrigerator and began to take out ice. She added whisky and water and handed it to him.

"Take it," she said. "I guess a doctor has a right to drink after a day's work, just like anyone else. Would it help to talk about it?"

Standish drank gratefully. Before he knew it he was answering questions, and presently Mary had the whole story.

"And if you hadn't gone," she murmured at the end, "the lieutenant would have arrested Dr. Lanning."

"I suppose he would," Standish said, "but not for long. When he worked out the Pullman fare and one thing and another, he would have had to let him go. But it would have been tough on Lanning. It's still tough," he said heavily "in a different way."

"For a while," Mary said, "until he realises how lucky he is. Until he understands how it might have been if he had married her. Why?" she asked, "why did she do it?" "She was a bad one," Standish said. "She ran away from him as a kid, and got into trouble. I wound up in a reformatory. Later she married a soldier, and when he went overseas she made the mistake of marrying young Cooper without getting a divorce."

"She got by for nearly a year with the old man. But he finally got wind of something and sent Max Pell west to check up on her. Pell found out all about her. That's why the old boy had the row with Lanning. He wanted to break up the affair without telling Lanning the truth."

"When Louise saw she was going to

get kicked out without a penny she made up her mind to do something about it before Cooper called in his lawyer. She'd spent a lot of time reading about crime to the old man, and she got the idea on how to kill him from that book on legal medicine."

"I'm beginning to understand," Mary said.

"Once she'd made up her mind," Paul went on, "she knew she had to take care of Pell—because he knew the truth about her. She telephoned for an appointment, and walked in on him with a gun in her bag."

"At the proper moment she took the gun out, shot him, searched his files for the carbon copy of the report he'd given Cooper, and got out as fast as she could. Later she destroyed that copy as she destroyed the original, and if it hadn't been for Ballard finding Cooper's cheque, she'd have got away with it."

He drained his glass, put it aside, and with it he somehow put aside his weariness. He did not know whether it was the drink or the talking he had done which was responsible, but he felt immeasurably better. He recognised the emptiness inside him for what it was.

"Look," he said. "I'm hungry." He shook his finger at Mary. "It's not often I issue second invitations to dinner, but this time—"

"I accept," said Mary, her voice relieved. "I'm starved."

She stood up and Standish rose with her. When he saw her smile and the sudden radiance in her eyes, he knew that everything was going to be all right again.

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TRIP TO AUSTRALIA is discussed by the new director of the parades, Madame Suzy Le Terrier (right), and the three French mannequins, Colette Schwedorffer, Dominique Bayer, and Denise Sarraut.



PAQUIN put on a special parade of new models for Mrs. Mary Hordern, who is shown making her choice of frocks to include in The Australian Women's Weekly 1949 collection. She looked at more than 3000 frocks from leading dress houses.

Glorious girls are outdoor type to suit the clothes

From MARY HORDERN, who is abroad

I have chosen the three loveliest mannequins in Paris to come to Australia this year for our Paris Fashion Parades.

Paris fashion presented such a gala picture that, from the moment I arrived to choose clothes and mannequins for The Australian Women's Weekly 1949 Paris Fashion Parades, I felt the parades could be nothing less than a grand and spectacular success.

THE clothes seem inspired. They are original and exciting, with materials used so cleverly that even the most commonplace has found itself ranking with the aristocrats.

No less lovely and important than the clothes are our mannequins, Dominique Bayer, Denise Sarraut, and Colette Schwedorffer.

With Paule Paulus, who remained in Australia after last year's parades, and two Australian girls these girls will complete our fashion team. Getting these three has been a

game of intrigue, for, while France wants us to have the best of her clothes, she wants to keep the best of her girls to show the never-ending stream of visitors to Paris how the city's most superb clothes should be worn.

We wanted girls who would bring out all the drama and personality of the new season's clothes.

But we did not want ultra-smart sophisticates, bearing no resemblance to modern Australian women and girls, for whom we are bringing out the clothes.

The girls I have chosen, after much diplomatic wangling with the couturiers, are just the right healthy, outdoor type.

Wide interests

DOMINIQUE BAYER, tall and dramatic, with red hair and a beautifully proportioned body, is noted for the shapely elegance of her feet.

Denise Sarraut, a fragile platinum blonde with chiselled features and quiet movements, is adorably feminine.

Colette Schwedorffer, with golden hair that blazes, blue eyes, and the most beautiful shoulders I have ever seen, looks as if she has just stepped out of a painting.

Getting to know these girls has been as rich an experience as meeting any famous French personality.

It was not long before I found them to be bright, intelligent personalities, as well as charming and helpful about fittings and the getting together of accessories for the parades.

All have much wider interests than clothes and mannequin work.

I found them slipping easily from discussions on Existentialism to appraisal of tapestries, Empire furniture, or Flemish paintings.

Denise Sarraut is 23 years old, and unmarried. She is five feet eight inches tall, and has a 23in. waist. She has a passion for Clark Gable, is a fine skier and samba

Three



PARISIAN BEAUTIES skilful mannequins, who have been chosen Mrs. Paulus, of

dancer. She does not know any in Australia, but knows she love it. The mannequins of previous years have told her all about

Denise, who models for Lan loves the unexpected. Her mannequin work has taken her also this year to Switzerland, Morocco, Spain, Belgium, Vienna, and many.

"I like a job which permits me live in an agreeable milieu," she me.

From her talks on her travels seems to have found it.

Denise lives in a studio near Champs Elysees, and, though is not such a serious reader Dominique or Colette, she is fascinated by life and is a quick and intelligent observer.

One of the things that fascinate her most is to see a Paris robe being created and watching through the workroom.

Colette Schwedorffer is from France, five feet eight tall, 35 waist, and 36in. bust. Twenty years old and unmarried, Colette is a model for Dior and might be called a devotee of the Dior for she wears it beautifully in her showroom and in her personal wardrobe.

Colette is first and foremost an outdoor girl and has a serious look. She paints and has a studio. She likes Goya, El Greco, Renoir. Favorite writers are Somerset Maugham and Jean Paul Sartre. She takes an active part in Existentialist movement, and discussion groups meet in her apartment.

She hopes to meet Existentialists in Australia.

The more serious side of Colette does not, however, prevent her having a very good time, yachting, canoeing, and swimming.

Dominique Bayer has models for Dior and Jacques Fath. She had her first job as mannequin



NEW SECRETARY in Paris for The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades, the Princess de Broglie, photographed with our fashion adviser, Mrs. Mary Hordern. The Princess was Betty Lamb, of Sydney, and a school friend of Mrs. Hordern. With her husband, Prince de Broglie, she lives in a charming apartment in Paris.

best mannequins in Paris for our parades



Full-trained as models, Colette Schwedorffer, Denise Sarrauli, and Dominique, with Mrs. Mary Hordern to display clothes in this year's parades, with Paul, last year's mannequin, and two Australian girls.

party, when Jacques Fath admired her, and invited her to show his clothes.

Dominique is five feet eight, has a 24in. waist, and 33in. bust. She has been married but is now divorced.

She, too, is enthusiastic about the Existentialist philosophy of Jean Paul Sartre. But like so many young people in Paris, she combines this intellectual interest with outdoor activities—swimming and horse-riding.

Dominique speaks only a few words of English, but Colette and Denise speak it perfectly.

Fashion pointers from the collection of clothes our lovely mannequins will wear include:

Flying panels and overskirts, giving a very new line.

Spiralling skirts, as in Jacques Griffe's white-and-orange linen beach frock.

Fashion points

UNEVEN hemlines, by dropping an overskirt unevenly, as in Dior's white satin evening gown.

Drapes, such as Jean Desses uses, when the twisting of a scarf gives a simple dress three different guises.

Hocklines that plunge for day and fall round the shoulders, in a naked way, for afternoon as well as evening wear.

Collars that are enormous and roll up and over and frame the shoulders, and some that jut and point downwards.

Pockets, so much in the news that hardly a frock in the collection is without them. And that goes for evening dresses, too. Pockets this year are part of the frock's architectural structure, completing its line.

There won't be much new to look at in the way of sleeves. The dolman and the kimono sleeve prevail,

and there is a determined continuity of unpadded shoulder-line, with three-quarter sleeves finishing anywhere from below the elbow to just above the wrist.

You will see in our collection what a major part white pique is playing in the summer wardrobe. It is everywhere in Paris. Jacques Fath formalises pique in an off-the-shoulder frock. The pique is as stiff as cardboard. Although the gown has an extremely low décolletage it has long sleeves. The cut is simple, the line superb, and the effect sheer drama.

Watch for these in our parades:

An exquisite grey net, by Jean Desses, made with so many layers that it is thick and substantial. It is worn with a pink hat.

A simple draped black frock, by Desses, with a vivid blue-and-black printed silk bolero finishing with scarf ends, worn with an enormously exaggerated royal-blue hat.

A black sateen one-piece swimsuit, buttoning sideways round the figure. It is by Marcel Rochas and goes with an enormous towelling wrap. To introduce a new color note to our beaches next summer I have ordered this wrap in deepest violet. This is most dramatic and effective.

Hats you will see in our collection, like the dresses, have developed from last year's rather than suffered any radical change.

Small hats have shrunk from the cloche to a mere shell that covers the head and finishes over the brow in a few jagged ends. These are worn straight on the head.

Next in size is the sickle-shaped hat that pulls well down over one ear and nearly touches the shoulder.

Then there are the very large hats, exceptionally becoming and very wide. Many of these have all interest centred on the brim and should be worn well back on the head.



HOUSEBOAT makes a charming setting for Jean Farell's showing of his spring collection. Mrs. Hordern is selecting frocks. With her is Madame Françoise Hebrand, daughter of M. Gorin, who is Secretary-General of the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne. Madame Hebrand is Mrs. Hordern's secretary while she is in Paris.



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A GATHA sat silent, uncomfort-
able with the thought that
she was not quite the
easy-going girl who took people
as they came that Lefty thought
her. She had gone into this
thing as a sort of adventure, with
the knowledge that the sport of
boxing was semi-respectable, and
with the unexpressed conviction that
those who engaged in it were in the
same category, and not her kind
of people.

She was ashamed of the thoughts
she had had. What she would do
immediately, she thought with de-
termination, would be to have a
small party for Lefty and Oscar
to show that they were her good
friends.

Before they went to bed that
night she announced that she was
planning a party for the following
night, and she made the calls after
breakfast the next morning.

She asked the members of the
countryside group with whom she
normally shared cocktails and
dinners and bridge, including even
Selma Morrow, and at her mother's
suggestion she called her cousin
Nellie Stout.

Finally she called Charlie Har-
per, but he begged off, saying he
had to make a report at a Chamber
of Commerce meeting.

"I know it's short notice, and I
still think you behaved like a heel
last night," Agatha said. "Well,
sorry you can't come, Charlie."

That afternoon, Lefty played
golf with Gwen, and Agatha helped
Mrs. Willis prepare the buffet sup-
per, Oscar and Lefty carried tables
out to the barn.

Only at the last moment did
Agatha have qualms, realising that
holding the party in the barn might
give precisely the wrong impression
she had hoped to avoid—that she
was showing off her personal gladi-
ator. She said to Oscar, "I wonder—
do you think it looks too much like
putting him in a store window?"

Oscar laughed. "He'll eat it up."

Oscar was right. Lefty seemed to
stand straighter than usual that
night. For a time his manner was
unnaturally stiff, but after the cock-
tails as he helped Agatha serve
plates at the buffet, he relaxed.
There were many questions about
the fight, which he answered.

Naturally it was Selma Morrow
who asked Lefty to show her his
bathrobe, which she put on to the
accompaniment of giggles. And it
was Selma who decided to skip rope,
and proved to be pretty good at it,
demonstrating also that skipping
rope had done as much for her legs
as it had for any boxer's.

Lefty and Selma laughed a lot
together.

The party was breaking up, and
Oscar, with a bartender's tidiness,
was stacking dishes at the buffet
table, when Selma and Lefty ap-
proached Agatha, hand in hand.

"I'm stealing your champion,
Agatha," Selma said with a smile.
"We're going to close up the taproom
at the Menaset House."

"Want to come along, Aggie?"
Lefty asked.

"No, thank you," Agatha said. "As
a matter of fact, Lefty, isn't it about
time you went to bed?"

Selma whistled softly, and Lefty
flushed. Selma said, "If Mother
says it's time for bed, I guess it's
nighty-night. Lefty. Better let
Mother tuck you in."

Agatha flushed this time, and said
in a flat, cool tone, "Of course, it's
up to Lefty, and his manager. He's
in training, and he shouldn't go out
and drink. But if you want to go,
Lefty, talk to Oscar about it."

"I'll do that," Lefty said, and
walked away.

Selma, smiling faintly, said, "I
didn't mean to intrude, Agatha. If
I'm poaching—"

"You're interfering with a fighter's
training routine," Agatha said.

"I understand," Selma said. "I
hear there was a sample of that
routine outside the arena last night.
It was quite a routine, I under-
stand."

Agatha met Selma's eyes, bright
with malice, and took refuge in a
brittle smile. "Sorry, Selma, no free
samples."

Lefty returned with Oscar, look-
ing sheepish, and stood silent as
Oscar said, "This boy has to be
up at seven o'clock in the morning.
You're right, Aggie, it's bedtime for
Lefty."

Lefty shrugged and said, "See how

Ringside Maiden

Continued from page 26

it is, Selma? They got me. Nurse-
maids."

"That's right," Oscar said. "That's
what I am, a nursemaid. You better
go play on your own block, Miss
Morrow."

Agatha thought he could not have
said it better. Selma's eyes narrowed
and color appeared in her cheeks,
then she laughed and said, "Well,
I'll be going. It's been wonderful.
Agatha."

Lefty saw her to the car, and
Oscar gave Agatha a steady look.
The suggestion of a wink, and re-
turned to stack the dishes.

Gwen Christopher, scraping a
plate, said, "Cousin Nellie gave me
the low-down-to-night. Just what
went on, Agatha, out there in the
parking lot?"

"Ask Charlie," Agatha said. "Ap-
parently Charlie has spread a blow-
by-blow account all over town."

"Yes," Gwen said. "I'm sur-
prised."

"I'm not," Agatha said. "I can
see how it happened. He was angry
and feeling sorry for himself."

"Still," Gwen said, "what hap-
pened exactly? The story is you
were seen necking in a New Haven
parking lot."

Agatha smiled. "With two men,
what's more."

"Let's not take it too lightly,"
Gwen said.

"Mother," Agatha said, "Lefty
came out after the fight and I gave
him a victory kiss, and I did the
same for Oscar. That's all that
happened."

Gwen puffed her cigarette, then
said quietly, with the air of get-
ting off a memorised speech, "Agatha,
it isn't important what
happened, and it's not overwhelm-
ingly important what this town
thinks or says, although we do have
to take that into consideration. The
important thing is just how matters
stand."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean this young man
What about him?"

"I like him tremendously," Agatha
said. "But of course I'm not in love
with him. Mother, I told you—I
was sorry for him."

"I imagine the boy can take care
of himself, Agatha," Gwen said.
"You don't feel sorry for him any
more, do you?"

"Oh, not at all," Agatha said.
"Now he's doing what he was cut
out to do."

Gwen smiled and patted her
daughter's hand. "Whatever you do
is all right with me, dear, within
reason. Just keep me posted, will
you?"

"Yes, Mother," Agatha said. "I'll
keep you posted."

"And by the way," Gwen said,
"who is this young Mr. Barlow,
who took you out to dinner in New
York? Why don't you have him out?
Is he nice?"

"He's too busy," Agatha said, and
laughed. "Mother, don't tell me
you've finally given up on Charlie
Harper?"

"Yes," Gwen said. "I've given
Charlie up."

"Well, dear, we'll be seeing that
young Mr. Barlow in New York
when we go to town. I want you to
come and see Leo's Place, too,"
Agatha said.

There were many expenses, and
the purse from the New Haven
fight was only pocket money by
comparison. It did not go far to-
ward defraying the costs of spar-
ring partners and equipment and
the construction of the practice
ring.

Agatha had a small ledger in
which she noted all items of ex-
pense. There would be other fights,
and bigger purses, Oscar said, and
they let Lefty have all of the New
Haven purse. Once Lefty was fight-
ing regularly in New York, the
purses would pay the freight, Oscar
said.

Agatha was a little less business-
like about the operation of the bar
in New York. She left it in Walter's
hands, knowing that the account-
ant, Tony Franklin, was on hand to
advise Walter and to keep the books,
and Oscar told her she could have
complete confidence in Tony.

Walter sent Agatha notices of re-
ceipts deposited in the bank, and
mailed her bills to be paid, and
several times she talked to him on
the telephone.

Lefty's training regime continued:
road work in the morning, exercises
and sparring in the afternoon. Kid
Dalton came again from New Haven
and undertook to bring along a
different sparring partner each
day, some preliminary boy, who was
eager to pick up a piece of what
Oscar called folding money.

On Friday, Oscar went to New
York, and not until the moment of
his departure did he mention to
Agatha that he was going to see
Eddie Manolo fight in the Garden.

They heard it on the radio that
night at ten o'clock, and although
Eddie Manolo won the decision, one
of the judges voted for Lippy Har-
ner, six rounds to four.

Lefty brightened up, and the next
day, when Oscar returned on the
morning train, Lefty pressed him
for details of the Manolo fight.

"One thing at a time," Oscar
said. "Ain't you interested in your
next bout?"

"You made a match?"

"Main event, Lefty. I had to do
some talking to get it, but they're
building this Irish Joe Broag up
and they figured you'd be an easy
go, I guess."

Lefty struck his palm with the
flat of the other hand. "He fought
a draw with Eddie Manolo a few
months back."

"That's right," Oscar said. "And
he was Prospect of the Month in
the Ring last month. It will get
you back in there if you take him.
Tell you, Lefty, this Lippy Har-
ner is a hard boy to figure. That's
why Eddie Manolo had trouble last
night. He's a hard boy to figure,
but I think if Eddie had of
gone for the body in the early
rounds he'd put him away."

He gestured towards the barn.
"Get into your gym clothes. Let's
smack that heavy bag around.
You're liable to be fighting Lippy
before you get your shot at Eddie,
and you'll be going for his body.
By the way, Lefty, I stopped at
Leo's Place. They wanted to hear
all about you."

Oscar put his hand in his pocket.
"Here, I got a letter for you."

It was a very fat letter, and
Agatha saw Lefty reading it in the
garden, page after page. When
Oscar called him impatiently, he
stuffed it into his pocket and made
no comment.

Please turn to page 31

CHEMIST HEAN'S

Prescription for making

HEENZO

Cough and Cold Mixture

MAKE a syrup of 4 tablespoonfuls
of Sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls of Treacle
or Honey, 1 tablespoonful of Table
Vinegar, 1 large breakfast cup of
warm water. Stir till dissolved. When
cold pour into a large, clean empty
bottle, add one bottle of HEENZO
concentrated, cork, shake well, and
attach the large label with directions
enclosed with each bottle of
HEENZO. It is now ready for taking.
HEENZO is soothing, warming, com-
forting, removes the tickle, tickle
that is so annoying.

HEENZO

Does You Good — Saves Your Money
BUY A BOTTLE—NOW—TODAY
2/- at Chemists and Stores.

Oh! this
distressing flu!

For the relief of
Colds, Chest
Colds, Pleurisy,
Pneumonia,
always use



**WAWN'S
WONDER WOOL**

LEFTY made no mention of Lucille until one Sunday morning when he said, "Okay if I use the station wagon this morning, Aggie?"

"Yes," Agatha said, "Of course." He said, without meeting her eyes, "I got to meet Lucille at the station. She's coming up for the day."

"Then bring her to lunch, Lefty." "Yes, by all means," Gwen said. "Thank you," Lefty said. "Sure, I'll ask her."

He drove off in the station wagon a little before noon, and Oscar, watching him go, said, "I wish she'd stayed where she was. She'll just bring trouble."

Lefty telephoned later, and explained, hesitatingly, to Agatha that he and Lucille were planning to take a drive along the shore route and wouldn't be able to make it for lunch.

The afternoon passed, and at dinner-time no word had come from Lefty, and Oscar began to worry. He paced the porch, smoking one cigarette after another, and he was still on the porch when the station wagon at last climbed the hill.

Oscar called angrily, "Lefty, where have you been?"

Ringside Maiden

Continued from page 30

Lefty grinned. "I had to put Lucille on the train, Oscar. I guess I should have called."

"I guess you should," Oscar said, but Agatha could tell he was relieved.

The date for the New York fight came almost unexpectedly. Agatha had known the date all along, but she had not assigned it its day of the week.

"We'll have our last workout Wednesday, and take the train that afternoon," Oscar said. "Lefty will hold up and take it easy Thursday, and he'll go in there like a lion after raw meat Friday night."

Lefty smiled. He looked relaxed and not at all nervous, and Agatha wondered if seeing Lucille again had helped him. She tried to draw Lefty out without mentioning Lucille by name, but had no luck at all, so she gave up, and went in the house.

On sudden impulse she looked up Jack Barlow's number in the New York directory and telephoned him.

"I thought I'd bring you up-to-date on our project, Jack," she said. "Lefty's fighting on Friday night in New York."

"I know," he said. "I was in Leo's Place. Suppose I get tickets for you and me, Agatha, ringside, for Friday night."

Agatha laughed and said, "Of course, that's why I called you."

"And how about a welcoming committee when you come in?" "I could meet you at Leo's Place on Friday night."

"I'll be there," he said. Agatha hung up thoughtfully. It had been an odd relationship all along with Jack Barlow—half lawyer, half friend.

He was like someone who came along for the ride, settled himself comfortably in the back seat, and kept his eyes and ears open and his mouth shut. Apparently he

simply liked to be around, and Agatha admitted that she liked having him around.

And Agatha was more and more convinced of the success of her adventure. There was a shine in Oscar's eyes when he spoke of Lefty, and even Agatha's untrained eyes could recognise an athlete in top condition.

After the last workout on Wednesday afternoon, Kid Dalton said, "Lefty, you got it all right."

"He keeps that left in Irish Joe Bragg's face Friday night and we got nothing to worry about," Oscar said. "Okay, Kid, you did good work, and we'd like to have you in Lefty's corner Friday night if you want to come down."

"Okay," the Kid said. "I got a two-room joint over on the West side and we'll all hole up there," Oscar said. "I'll borrow a cot for you."

The packing was done, and Oscar stowed the gear in the station wagon. Agatha drove them to the station, but before they left the hilltop Lefty turned and looked at the house and the barn, swung around for a view of the far-off sound. Then he grinned at Agatha, and said, "I won't forget this, Aggie."

They shook hands before he boarded the train, and he turned in the vestibule and smiled, as the train pulled out.

Agatha took the afternoon train to town on Friday, and checked in at the Hotel Westbrook, where she telephoned Jack Barlow from her room, and arranged to meet him at Leo's Place at six o'clock.

When she took a cab to the Eighth Avenue bar, she felt a warm pleasure of anticipation, and as the cab stopped in front of Leo's Place Agatha felt a thrill of excitement, when she saw the old sign up again in the window: LEFTY LANGAN FIGHTS TO-NIGHT.

Leo's Place was crowded, and as she came in a stout man at the bar called, "Hi, Aggie," and they all took it up in chorus.

Oscar was there, helping Billy Walsh behind the bar, and Walter hurried up with tense, harried eyes.

"Everything's okay," he said hurriedly. "Business is good. You want to look over the books?"

Agatha smiled. "There's no rush about the books, Walter."

Oscar claimed Agatha then, and led her up to the bar. Billy Walsh leaned over to shake her hand, and she had greetings from Tony Franklin and fat St Kraft, and others whose faces were familiar.

"Lefty went off to a movie with Lucille," Oscar said to Agatha.

Agatha frowned. "With Lucille?"

"I tried to keep her out of his hair," Oscar said, and shrugged. "But after he had his steak at three o'clock she took him to a double feature. But I sent the Kid along too."

Jack Barlow came in unnoticed, and was at Agatha's side before she saw him. His handclasp was warm and the smile he gave her was that of an old friend. Agatha wanted to tell him in detail all that had happened, but she had hardly begun before there was a general rush to the door.

The bar-room emptied onto the street, and the crowd gathered around a taxi cab at the kerb. Lucille and Lefty were inside, Kid Dalton with them.

Agatha went out with Jack and Oscar, and had time to reach in and shake Lefty's hand and murmur, "Good luck," before Oscar climbed in and shut the door.

Lucille had got out of the cab on the other side, and as it moved off her eyes met Agatha's, and after a moment's hesitation she approached the kerb.

Agatha put out her hand and said, "Hello, Lucille. Come in with us and have a drink to Lefty."

Lucille's fingertips touched Agatha's palm, then she dropped her hand. "I got to get back to work!"

"But aren't you going to the fight?" Agatha asked.

"I'll catch it here, on television." Agatha and Jack Barlow had dinner at a French restaurant on Forty-fifth Street, and Agatha talked so much and so eagerly that in the end he had to hurry her through dessert and coffee.

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

RIVETS



FALSE TEETH at 3 MONTHS!

IN INVERCARGILL (N.Z.) A 3-MONTHS-OLD BABY WAS FITTED WITH FALSE TEETH! GIVE YOUR YOUNGSTERS TEETH A BRILLIANT FUTURE, FROM THE AGE OF 2 TEACH HIM TO USE KOLYNOS TWICE A DAY!

HOW YOU TASTE!

YOUR TONGUE IS EQUIPPED WITH APPROXIMATELY 3,000 TASTE BUDS FOR YOU TO SENSE FLAVOUR. YOUR TASTE BUDS APPRECIATE THE STIMULATING FLAVOUR OF KOLYNOS. IT LEAVES YOUR MOUTH COOL AND REFRESHED. YOU'LL LOVE THE FEEL OF KOLYNOS.

Do You Know? HORSE'S HEART-BONE TO CURE TOOTHACHE!



TO PREVENT TOOTHACHE ANCIENT GREEKS RECOMMENDED CARRYING A BONE BELIEVED TO HAVE COME FROM THE HEART OF A HORSE! THE MODERN GUARD AGAINST DECAY IS KOLYNOS. ANTISEPTIC KOLYNOS BUBBLES PENETRATE BETWEEN YOUR TEETH. CLEAN OUT DECAY-BREEDING SPOTS!



AS A RESULT OF SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS IN TRANSPLANTING CATS' TEETH, HUMAN 'TOOTH-BANKS' ARE NOW BEING PLANNED!

KOLYNOS GOES TWICE AS FAR BECAUSE IT'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED. HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLENTY.



KOLYNOS

CLEANS BETTER - K49-4

TASTES BETTER - LASTS LONGER

Let us Build Homes ...banish Depression fears

"It is the women of Australia who most eagerly seek those policies which will build homes, will banish the fear of depression, will hold out the hope of advancement for husband or son or daughter, who want a better system of education, who know that lower taxes would brighten the future and bring more contented work and more goods and services."

R. G. MENZIES

THE LIBERAL PARTY when returned to office will:—

- speed up the housing programme
- make finance for homes cheaper and more easily obtainable
- abolish sales tax on building materials and requisite home fixtures and fittings
- give every practical assistance to providing all modern and progressive amenities for women, particularly in the country areas
- make provision for complete area maternity services throughout the Commonwealth
- give child endowment for the first child

FL26-49

Authorised by D. M. Cleland, 30 Ash St., Sydney.

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£3000 COOKERY CONTEST



MRS. ALLISON FEWTRELL, Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W., who wins £25 for week-day winter dinner for family of six, says cooking is a hobby she has enjoyed since childhood. She varies basic recipes to suit own taste.



MRS. REX NEWMAN, Warrnambool, Vic., who wins £25 for week-day winter dinner for two adults, was formerly a domestic arts teacher at Maryborough High School.



MRS. C. WALKER, Mt. Hawthorn, W.A., who wins £20 for top-of-stove summer dinner, says she has always loved cooking and delights in experimenting. She was making a batch of biscuits when told of her success.



MRS. CHARLES WILEMAN, East Kew, Vic., who wins £100 for her wedding breakfast entry, says this section appealed to her as she is planning to become a professional caterer.



MRS. F. WISDON, Semaphore, S.A., who wins £25 for summer week-day dinner for family of four, says she is a cooking enthusiast. Her entry consisted of favorite family recipes, of which she has a large collection.



MRS. ERIC MOSS, East Kew, Vic., who wins £25 for summer Sunday dinner for four, entered her family's favorite menu, corn on cob, chicken casserole, and ice cream with chocolate sauce.



MRS. R. L. CRITCHLEY, Alice Springs, Central Australia, who wins £25 for her winter Sunday dinner for a family of four, keeps a book of The Australian Women's Weekly recipes. Husband works in the railways.



MRS. S. MINNIS, Bentleigh, Vic., who wins £100 for celebration dinner for 12, says her entry was actual dinner-party she gave last year to celebrate her husband's birthday.

● MRS. CATHERINE LANCASTER, of Casino, N.S.W., winner of first prize of £25 for the best three-course week-day dinner for four, is the wife of a drover and has seven children. She did not have even an amateur snapshot to lend our gallery.

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 6, 1949

GALLERY OF FIRST PRIZE WINNERS



MRS. MARGARET BELL-INGHAM, Ingham, Q'ld, who wins £100 for novelty bridge tea, says she is a keen bridge player, a fact which helped her with original decoration ideas.



MRS. L. HARRISON, Lismore, N.S.W., who wins £25 for week-day summer dinner for family of six, says her cooking knowledge is mostly what mother taught her. She is a bride of only four months, was formerly nurse.



MRS. VAL WALLIKER, Port Fairy, Vic., who wins £100 for buffet dinner for 12, is an ex-nursing sister, who, according to her husband, is now a perfect housekeeper. She was brought up in the country.



MRS. IRIS DUNLOP, Stanmore, N.S.W., who wins £25 for week-day winter dinner for family of four, says she didn't learn to cook until she married, but now she is very interested in it.



MRS. MARY TOBIN, Rose Bay, N.S.W., who wins £25 for her summer Sunday dinner for a family of six, says she gained experience in cooking for special occasions when helping her husband run country hotels.



MRS. JANET MEYRICK, Glass House Mts., Q'ld, who wins £100 for her barbecue supper, lives on a pineapple plantation, and cooks on a fuel stove in a kitchen which looks out on a beautiful view of the mountains.



MISS SARA VICKERS, Kew, Vic., who wins £100 for Children's Party, says she became interested in children's party cooking through arranging church parties for local children.



MRS. ERICA HARCOURT, Rose Bay, N.S.W., who wins £100 for pre-wedding tea, says cooking is the best part of housekeeping. Three small daughters and a home to manage keep her busy. Learned to cook after marriage.



MRS. M. H. OATEN, Woodville South, S.A., who wins £20 for her winter oven dinner, says she prefers oven-cooked meals, especially casseroles, and is very interested in evolving pleasant ways to flavor, serve food.



MRS. RUSSELL ROBERTS, Brisbane, Q'ld, who wins £25 for her summer week-day dinner for two adults, says she entered for this section because she has so much experience in field.



MRS. HARRY DANN, Largs Bay, S.A., who wins £25 for a winter Sunday dinner for two adults, says dinner for two is her specialty as there are only her husband and herself in family. She often adapts recipes.



MRS. K. H. WILKIE, Townsville, Q'ld, who wins £25 for winter Sunday dinner for family of six, says she compiles daily menus a month ahead to save time and worry about meals. With her in this snapshot is her son Kenneth.

FULL PRIZE LISTS — PAGES 38, 47, and 50

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 6, 1949

FOR
ONCE I'VE
PLEASED THE
WHOLE FAMILY—
LIFEBUOY
SUITS US ALL!

GEE, THIS
LIFEBUOY'S
GREAT, MUM!
THEY TELL US AT
SCHOOL WE
SHOULD WASH
HANDS OFTEN
TO KEEP WELL.

BOY, DO I FEEL CLEAN
AND FRESH! SAFE
FROM 'BO' ITS LIFEBUOY,
WITH ITS SPECIAL
HEALTH INGREDIENT,
FOR ME.

ANOTHER DATE WITH JIM
TONIGHT AND I NEED LIFEBUOY
TO BE SURE OF MYSELF.
HE SAYS IN HIS NUMBER
ONE GIRL THESE DAYS.

Lifebuoy

THE SOAP THAT SUITS
THEM ALL



W 274, WW102



"Don't forget
my Roboleine
Mummy!"

Children love delicious Roboleine (in milk or off the spoon). It gives them just those nourishing elements their little systems require to build up bodily fitness and give them that inner strength to resist colds and infection.

Doctors use
Roboleine for
their own families.

Roboleine
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

In 12oz. and 36oz. jars at all chemists.

AGENTS FOR AUSTRALIA: MUIR & NEIL, SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, AUCKLAND.

LADIES!

Why use slimy soap?
The **TRADER HORN**
plastic soap holder
FITS ANY TAP. Keeps
soap perfectly dry.
Price 2/11. plastic
type. Highly polished
metal soap holder 3/6.
STOCKED ALL STORES.



A.M.

Australia's Leading Monthly
Magazine.

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS
AND BOOKSTALLS. 1/-.

Life-long sufferers praise **IMMUNISATION TREATMENT!**
... acclaimed beneficial and safe treatment for ...

CATARRH • BRONCHITIS

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, SINUS and ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS

Read these Dramatic Facts four typical ex-sufferers told us — each
had very bad Catarrhal or Bronchial Trouble

LANTIGEN 'B' BRINGS PROMPT RELIEF

Lantigen 'B' counteracts the effects of the germs which cause Catarrh and Bronchitis because it is a modern, dissolved oral vaccine, prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction.

WORKS THROUGH BLOODSTREAM

Absorbed into the bloodstream through the mucous membranes of the nose, throat and digestive system, Lantigen 'B' stimulates the production of "antibodies."

IMMUNITY PROMOTED

These "antibodies" are the system's natural antidotes to the "catarrh" germs. They neutralise the germ poisons and thus relieve inflammation, pain and congestion. Immunity against further attack is promoted and often lasts for years.

ALL THESE BENEFITS

Breathing eases, sore, stuffed-up noses are freed, tight bronchial congestion soothed, heavy frontal headaches disappear, you sleep through the night without coughing—wake rested and fresh.

NO INJECTIONS

Just take Lantigen 'B' like an ordinary medicine in a little water at bedtime.



NO DRUGS

Lantigen 'B' is perfectly safe for young and old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart nor interfere with other treatments.

ECONOMICAL

The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day. Little indeed for the benefits Lantigen 'B' can bring to you.



**YOU CAN START TREATMENT
WITH LANTIGEN 'B'**

TO-DAY . . .

There are LANTIGEN Treatments
for different types of germ-caused disorders.

Lantigen A for the Common Cold.

Lantigen C for Rheumatism,
Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Fibrositis.

Smash sniffing Colds, crippling Rheumatic pains with
Lantigen. Get a bottle now—start taking it to-day!

"FULL OF ENERGY WHERE ONCE DRAGGED DOWN,"

says Mrs. J. V. Pollett of 10
Goodhope St., Paddington, N.S.W.

"Seven years ago I lay in hospital propped up on pillows, under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh. I spent no less than four months in bed. I used to fear the coming of night because all night long I coughed and coughed. I felt I would die unless I gained relief.

"Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed and I bought my first bottle. In three weeks I was up and about again and I have improved ever since. I am full of energy, where once I was dragged down. I sleep well at night. I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis and I never have a headache."



CHILD BRONCHITIS SUFFERER "NOW GETS GOOD REST EVERY NIGHT,"

says father—Mr. W. Kerr, Melville
Terrace, Manly, Q'land.



"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of Bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough, used to go to sleep for about five minutes and then start coughing. All day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy—no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night."

"FEELS FITTER THAN EVER BEFORE,"

says diamond
driller, Sydney Falcher at Wittenoom Gorge, W.A.

"I have had Chronic Catarrh that bad I used to be sick every morning after meals. Doctors told me I had Chronic Catarrh at the age of 50. I started taking your wonderful vaccine, Lantigen 'B', and I can say I feel fitter now than I have ever been. I can climb these mountains in Hamersley Ranges and do my work in pleasure without being winded or suffer hardships which you can see I do and eat any kinds of tucker. I have that much faith in your vaccine, Lantigen 'B', every time I go into Wittenoom Gorge from the ranges where I live I tell the miners and bidders to take your Lantigen 'B'. Thanks for your wonder vaccine, Lantigen 'B'."

All over Australia men, women and children are making a wonderful discovery. A few drops of Lantigen 'B' Dissolved Oral Vaccine, taken just like ordinary medicine, is the quick, safe, easy way to smash distressing Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Sinus and Antrum Infections, Recurrent Colds.

There's a reason why Lantigen 'B' is such a sensational success—why more than a million bottles have been sold. It's because Lantigen 'B'—a special dissolved oral vaccine—not only relieves your distressing complaint, but helps to immunise against further attacks. In a few short weeks you not only get prompt relief, but gain added resistance against future infection.

There are no painful injections—no tiresome inhalations—no harmful drugs with Lantigen 'B'. Lantigen 'B' is a special dissolved oral vaccine, taken by mouth—prepared in biological laboratories by skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction.

And Lantigen 'B' soon repays its small cost (less than 3d. per day for the recommended treatment). You get sound, restful sleep, your chest is relieved of tight Catarrhal and Bronchial congestion, nose no longer stuffed up, your head free of dull, nagging headaches, your general health restored. You feel well, you look well, you are well.

Why continue to suffer? Say to yourself to-day—
"I'm going to start taking Lantigen 'B' right now!"



NOW ENJOYS "COUGH-FREE LIFE."

"Lantigen 'B' is indeed the deadly enemy of coughs and colds," says Mr. Bert Hare, of Bligh
St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

"I suffered a severe attack of Bronchitis and, despite medical attention, was left with a harsh, racking cough which no amount of treatment would shift. Then my wife bought Lantigen 'B' for me, and believe it or not, the third day from taking the first dose found me absolutely free from that harsh cough which had worried me all through the days and disturbed my rest at nights, and I now enjoy a cough-free life though working with people who suffer from colds, etc. Needless to say, I do not hesitate to recommend to them Lantigen 'B' and, knowing the cough which I suffered, they, too, have taken to Lantigen 'B'. Lantigen 'B' is indeed the deadly enemy of coughs and colds."

ASK YOUR CHEMIST TO-DAY FOR

Lantigen 'B'

The Dissolved Oral Vaccine that's **TAKEN JUST LIKE AN ORDINARY MEDICINE**
for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Sinus & Antrum Infections, Recurrent Colds

Product of EDINBURGH LABORATORIES, Sydney.

1438.1/45

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are aboard the yacht Jason, which **CAPTAIN BLAINE:** Commands. **PRINCESS NARDA:** Is also with them. The Jason arrives at the Atalan Deep, where the crew sees a fishing boat disappear when a weird light shines on the sea. Next

night the light shines again, and Mandrake goes down in a diver's suit to investigate. He is suddenly attacked by a man who rides a giant seahorse, and his lifeline is cut. Lothar, fearing that something has happened to Mandrake, plunges into the water to rescue him. **NOW READ ON:**



NOT FAR AWAY IN THE MURKY DEPTHS, THE INCREDIBLE RIDER SIGNALS HIS TRAINED PACK--OF SHARKS!



AND AS LOTHAR NEARS THE SURFACE, THE SHARK PACK ATTACKS!



RESCUING MANDRAKE IN THE ATALAN DEEP, LOTHAR IS ATTACKED BY A SHARK PACK. HE SLASHES AT THE FIRST KILLER WITH HIS LONG KNIFE...



FROM THE DECK OF THE JASON, NARDA AND BLAINE PUMP LEAD INTO THE REST OF THE PACK, KILLING SOME AND DRIVING THE OTHERS AWAY.



WITH HIS REMAINING STRENGTH, LOTHAR GETS MANDRAKE TO THE YACHT, WHERE THEY ARE PULLED OUT OF THE WATER BY READY HANDS.



ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION REVIVES MANDRAKE. HE ASKS, "LOTHAR--DID YOU SEE THAT GIANT SEAHORSE, AND THE RIDER?"--"I SEE SHARKS," REPLIES LOTHAR.--"I MUST HAVE IMAGINED IT--MAYBE IT WAS THE WATER PRESSURE," SAYS MANDRAKE.



THE JASON SAILORS PULL IN ONE OF THE DEAD SHARKS. "IT'S WEARING A COLLAR!" SHOUTS THE SAILOR. "LOOK AT THAT FUNNY MARK ON IT!"



AND JUST BELOW THE HULL OF THE JASON HEADED DOWN IN THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE ATALAN DEEP--!

TO BE CONTINUED



Prize Winner!

Among the shortening ingredients and processed cooking fats available today, the easy winner is "White Cloud," pure odourless and tasteless vegetable oil for frying, roasting and all other purposes. In cakes, pastry and similar dishes "White Cloud" is better it creams easier.

White Cloud

The New & Improved VEGETABLE SHORTENING

Manufactured by VEGETABLE OILS PTY. LTD., 52 Gardiner's Rd., Mascot, N.S.W.

W.C. 31.49.

Page 35

Just for completing a JINGLE about NEW RINSO

1ST PRIZE
(for best entry over
the 12 contests)
**HANDSOME
VAUXHALL TOURER**

OVER
£4,000
IN PRIZES

3
**ENGLISH HOTPOINT
WASHING MACHINES
TO BE GIVEN AWAY
EACH WEEK!**

ENTER NOW!

Big Weekly Contests open and
close every Thursday.

Final contest closes
Thursday, 13th Oct.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO ENTER THE RINSO JINGLE CONTEST

- Write a last line for the New Rinso jingle shown here.
- Get an entry form, free, from the store where you deal. It contains the rules which govern this contest . . . but you have, in this advertisement, all the information you need to get started.
- Write your entry in the space provided on the entry form. You may send in only one entry per contest, but a new contest starts every Thursday and you can enter them all.
- Prize-winners will be announced by Dick Fair over "Australia's Amateur Hour" on Thursday nights.

7
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ELECTRIC IRONS
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EACH WEEK!**

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Than when they were brand-new.

New Rinso washes coloureds brighter

Example: *"To magic suds it's due"*

Just fill in last line in your own words.

HERE ARE SOME REASONS WHY YOU'LL LIKE NEW RINSO. YOU'LL FIND MANY MORE!



Z.292.143WW

Should A Lady Care

Continued from page 9

DAVID frowned. "Not enough by half," he said. "I've got Tina Deverall in a cab outside. Taking her to lunch. She's just got a new flat, and if I do my stuff we may get the whole works."

Jeanie fumbled in her own bag. "I suppose it's the Ivy again?"

"No less," said David crisply. He took the two pounds that she offered and put it with the other two. "Is that all? Oh, well, it'll have to do." He flung open the door. "Keep your fingers crossed."

Jeanie heard the triumphant slam of a taxi door and then there was a long, long silence while she sat and stared at nothing in particular and didn't think much, either. Only felt.

Presently she rose and prowled restlessly about the showroom. This was nothing new, of course. David was continually giving expensive lunches to promising young actresses with large ideas on interior decoration. When the estimates went in the actresses usually disappeared on a provincial tour, or opened their eyes terribly wide and admitted with engaging frankness that they hadn't that much money in the world!

David had never taken her to the Ivy. She'd never been to that famous London restaurant, patronised by stage and film stars. . . . But, of course, that was just being childish. What would be the point of taking each other out to lunch on party funds? Besides, this did look like business. Tina Deverall had gone up like a rocket in British films during the past two years.

Presently Jeanie caught sight of Melissa and her little cat staring at her out of their queer eyes, and for some reason she felt fortified, and went out to lunch.

Reginald was at the little restaurant round the corner. He went there almost daily in the hope of seeing Jeanie. She often thought she might fall in love with Reginald if it were not for David. He was not very distinguished-looking and he did an appallingly dull job, but it was highly paid and he wanted to marry her. A girl not so nice as Jeanie might have been tempted at least to keep him on ice.

But she wouldn't even let him pay for her mince roll and steamed castle pudding, which he always wanted to do. She had solemnly worked it out on the highest plane. It wasn't fair to encourage a man by letting him spend money on you when you knew you were going to give nothing in return. Sometimes it made Reginald quite mad.

As if things weren't bad enough he burst into rage to-day. Blew up like a rocket when she primly palmed her bill.

"Honestly, Jeanie," said Reginald, looking most handsome in his temper. "If I want to give you a two-and-sixpenny lunch why can't I? You're a sweet girl, Jeanie, but you're so stubborn, there are times when I can't imagine why I love you."

Jeanie looked down her nose and opened her purse. Reginald shouting in public, really! She never thought he had it in him. Then, slowly, she went a bright crimson.

"Darling, forgive me!" exclaimed Reginald, full of remorse.

"It isn't that," said Jeanie in a small voice. "It's—I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to pay. I've given . . . I haven't any money."

She'd no idea anybody could behave so badly. Reginald burst into roars of laughter. He stuck out his legs and went, "Haw! Haw! Haw!" in a vulgar, common way. Jeanie screwed up the bill and threw it at him, and ran out of the restaurant with tears splashing down her coat.

At four o'clock David came in and told her it was in the bag. She was to meet Tina's Press agent at the flat to-morrow at ten and she could start getting out designs right away. He also remarked that Tina had hands like White Butterfly orchids, and that he'd bought her a corsage and had to give the Ivy a cheque after all.

It was the beginning of one of the worst jags that Jeanie ever experienced.

She could do nothing right. None

of her designs would satisfy the besotted David. Mornings after morning he came in, stared at them distractedly and said: "Not nearly good enough! Fancy expecting a girl like Tina to sleep in a bedroom like that! For heaven's sake, Jeanie . . ."

And wearily Jeanie pinned another sheet to her drawing board and started again.

Sometimes Tina came to the offices. She had the smallest bones and the sheerest nylons Jeanie had ever seen. She would slide round the door like a little girl, exclaiming, "Oh, Miss Wilson!" as though Jeanie were something not very pleasant she hadn't expected to see, and then glide through to the workroom with a little secret smile on her lips, and not so much as by your leave. From behind the closed door would come gales of giggles.

"She has got the most filthy manner," admitted her Press agent, a rangy, unassuming young man whom Jeanie privately thought was much too nice for the job he was doing. They saw a fair amount of each other, tossed as they were between David's temperament and Tina's constantly changed mind.

In fact, it might have come to something—at least on Tony Lambart's side—if Jeanie hadn't, for no sound reason at all, come to the conclusion that Tina had put him up to paying her attention in order to draw her off David. Thereafter she snubbed him miserably, whenever he looked like displaying any form of emotion, and he retaliated with an urge to smack her where it would do most good.

Tina's flat at last began to take shape. She announced suddenly that she was giving a Press party on the tenth of the following month to launch it on a waiting world, which hardly left time to finish it.

The afternoon before the party Jeanie and David unpacked the last lampshade, straightened the last mirror, and looked about them with reasonable satisfaction.

Jeanie had designed the sitting-room round some magnificent yellow silk curtains. She had done the walls in the palest of pale greys, and the carpet a shade darker. The covers were of lilac and blue-striped satin. Over the mantelpiece hung Tina's pride and joy—a portrait of her that had been hung in last year's Academy.

"Isn't it awful!" groaned David, almost friendly again. "It destroys the whole room. If only we had something really dramatic there!"

Suddenly he snapped his fingers and spun round. "I know! That picture you bought—you remember—the woman with the cat! It's look marvellous."

"No," said Jeanie, loudly and flatly.

"What?"

"I said no. Tina isn't going to have my picture. You said you'd do a room for me round it. Remember?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake! This is business, girl. It's exactly what we want there. What did you use this color scheme for, anyway?"

"I don't know," said Jeanie. (But the psychologists would, she thought grimly. They'd have a word for it.) "But she's not going to have that picture."

They began quarrelling, loudly and bitterly, and at last David flung out of the flat and banged the door. She didn't see him again that evening, nor the next day.

The arrangement was that Tina should dress at the studios in one of the gowns she was wearing in her latest film, and David was to escort her to the flat. The Press photographers were to be given half an hour's free before the party began, and then Tina would take up residence after the party was over.

At five o'clock Jeanie, alone in the workroom, took two more aspirins, washed them down with another cup of strong tea, and looked up for the twentieth time into the odd, triangular eyes of Melissa and her little cat.

Please turn to page 37

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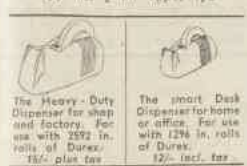


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CEREBOS IS FIRM AND
DRY IN ALL WEATHERS

Should A Lady Care

Continued from page 36

BETWEEN no breakfast and no lunch and too many aspirins and too much tea Jeanie felt a trifle tipsy.

"I think I've got it at last, Melissa," she said aloud. "You think I think too much about men, don't you, my dear? I ought to sit back pretty, the way a lady should, and let the men do the thinking. Well..." she gave a glum little hiccup. "You might be right."

"After all," she apostrophised the aspirin bottle, "why should I go on loving David after the way he's treated me? Why should I give that?" She paused and tried several times to get her finger and thumb to make an effectual sound. Finally, she gave it up.

"Why don't I let Reginald give me a good time if he wants to?" she asked nothing in particular. "There's Tony Lambert, too. Maybe he doesn't mean a thing, but two can play at that game. You're dead right, Melissa dear! If I stopped thinking..."

There was a knock at the door and Tony Lambert himself entered the appalled silence.

"Coming to the party?" he began, and then at the sight of Jeanie's face stopped dead. "You silly little sausage," he said, coming over and taking her hands, "I've been wanting to smack you for weeks, and now I'm going to."

Jeanie suppressed a hiccup. It drew down the corners of her mouth, and that somehow made her look forlorn and brave.

Tony suddenly became frightfully understanding. "Go home and have a hot bath," he said. "And spend hours doing your face. And when this bun fight is over, I'll come round and tell you how horrible you've been."

"Of course, I may be out," said Jeanie with a return of spirit. "In the meantime there's something I want you to do."

She rose and took the picture of Melissa from the wall and wrapped Tony's reluctant arms around it. "Hang this up in Tina's sitting-room in the place of that awful Academy portrait. It's all right—David will know."

Then she put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

It wasn't a regulation kiss at all. It went on and on and on. When it was over she had to put his hat on his head for him and push him gently out of the door. He must have waited down the stairs, because there was no sound after that except for one, wild, hysterical "whup!" from Jeanie.

Now I've done it, she thought. I've been unfaithful to David. Nothing can be the same again. My heart is going to break.

She waited for it to do so. Nothing happened at all. Nothing whatsoever. Come, she thought, this won't do. Think of Tina in David's arms. Think of Tina and David married.

She thought; but again nothing happened. Blessed, blessed nothing.

It seemed so unbelievable that she was indignant at first—then she began to laugh. It was wonderful! It was as though a slate inside her had been wiped clean. She didn't even dislike David. In fact, it might be rather fun knowing him, now she didn't love him any more.

Still not quite able to believe what had happened to her she picked up the phone and dialled Reginald. She hadn't seen him since the deplorable incident of the lunch bill.

Reginald didn't sound at all apologetic, but she decided to let it pass. "Let's go out for a spree," he said. "If you've nothing better to do."

"Why, I—"

"Good. Where shall we go?" Something from her past raised its head and began gabbling wildly in her ear: "You ought not to let him spend any money, you know. Ask him back to have powdered eggs with you."

"I think I'd like to go to the Ivy," said Jeanie aloud. "Fine. What flowers will you wear?"

"Only a daisy," wailed the little voice. "Something off the floor of Covent Garden would do."

"Orchids, please," said Jeanie

down the phone. "White Butterfly orchids."

After that she spun round three times, mounted her broomstick (which most people believed to be a No. 39 bus), and flew home.

Any sentimental idea that might have occurred to David of lifting Tina over the threshold of her new flat was expelled by the sight of her profile and the tense little muscle that worked beneath her ear.

She was wrought up, he told himself as they waited for the door to open, as well she might be; she was very young, and a Hollywood director was coming to the party. All he wanted was to see her pleasure when for the first time she saw the finished setting for her beauty.

A hired butler opened the door, and Tina's dresser darted forward to take her wraps. Tony met them in the hall. The two men followed her as she moved slowly into the bedroom.

There was something sharp and calculating about the way she looked around her that David had not noticed before, but he believed that she was pleased, and on entering the sitting-room an involuntary exclamation of pure pleasure escaped her. Both men relaxed. Then Tina stopped dead and pointed above the mantelpiece.

David, following her finger, saw the portrait of Melissa, and a wave of sheer affection for Jeanie broke over him.

"Who did that?" said Tina.

"Well," began Tony, "Miss Wilson—"

"Jean Wilson! I might have guessed as much. Really, I do think that's carrying jealousy a point too far!"

"Jealousy?" mouthed David.

"My dear boy, yes! Haven't you seen? She's so crazy in love with you she could have seen my ears off every time she set eyes on me. Of all the low-down tricks! Trying to make a fool of me at my own party with that—that daub! I suppose she hoped the Press would see it before I got here and publish it as my idea of art... Oh, Tony, that's better!"

Silently Tony had retrieved the Academy portrait and hung it in its place. He carried the offending Melissa out into the pantry just as the first bell rang.

David got pushed around quite a bit as the party proceeded. He stopped his drink and ignored the Press, and said "How d'you do?" to the wrong people, and all the time his mind was clawing after an extraordinary new set of ideas.

Tina was quite wrong, of course. All the same, it needed investigating... Presently he slipped away to the pantry, picked up Melissa, and let himself out by the tradesmen's entrance.

Just as he hailed a taxi he realised, with a flash of perspicacity unusual in him, that it might not be as easy as he expected. He decided first to give the address of a late-closing florist off Piccadilly.

About the same time, Tony Lambert, eyeing the party with distaste, came to the conclusion that nothing could prevent it from being a success. He ceiled his way out by the front entrance. If he banged on the side door at Isaacson's, he decided, they'd be sure to find something for him. Roses, perhaps, with some of those blue things.

"Gentlemen to see you, miss," murmured Jeanie's landlady proudly a short while later. She liked her ladies to be a bit on the larky side.

"Gentlemen?"

Jeanie looked up.

At first sight of the three furious faces surmounting florists' boxes of varying size the old Jeanie made a last effort to rear her head. For one moment she felt an almost irresistible urge to spring to her feet; to apologise and condole and explain. Then, remembering, she settled firmly back among the cushions, the way a lady should.

There was an odd, triangular look about her eyes that was to bother all three of them quite a lot during the following weeks, but at the moment they were too busy trying to elbow themselves inside the door. "Come in, gentlemen," said Jeanie.

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List of prizewinners

SECTION 2

Class 1.—Celebration Dinner for 12
FIRST PRIZE—£100. Mrs. S. E. Minnis, 31 Campbell St., Bentleigh, Vic.
SECOND PRIZE—£50. Mrs. F. Stannard, 36 Longroyd St., Mount Lawley, W.A.

Class 2.—Barbecue Supper
FIRST PRIZE—£100. Mrs. Janet Meyrick, Glasshouse Mts. Qld.
SECOND PRIZE—£50. Miss Edwina A. Munro, Box 28, Rainbow, Vic.

Class 3.—Pre-Wedding Tea Party for 25
FIRST PRIZE—£100. Mrs. Erica Harcourt, 20 Lancaster Rd., Rose Bay North, N.S.W.
SECOND PRIZE—£50. Mrs. Evelyn Joan Johns, Georgetown, S.A.

Class 4.—Wedding Breakfast
FIRST PRIZE—£100. Mrs. C. Wileman, 154 Exlington St., Kew, E.4, Vic.
SECOND PRIZE—£50. Mrs. W. Barlow, 6 Burke St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Class 5.—Buffet Dinner for 12
FIRST PRIZE—£100. Mrs. Val Walliker, 11 Cox St., Port Fairy, Vic.
SECOND PRIZE—£50. Mrs. M. Finnis, 38 Hawkers Rd., Medindie, S.A.

Class 6.—Novelty Bridge Tea
FIRST PRIZE—£100. Mrs. Margaret Bellingham, Lannercost St., Ingham, Nth. Qld.
SECOND PRIZE—£50. Mrs. R. B. Ham, 6 Rippon Grove, Brighton Beach, Vic.

Class 7.—Children's Party for 20
FIRST PRIZE—£100. Miss Sara C. Vickers, Flat 2, 14 Moorehouse St., East Camberwell, Vic.
SECOND PRIZE—£50. Mrs. H. Maxted, "The Lightwoods," Kerrie, via Romsey, Vic.

SECTION 3 Winter Dinners

Class 1.—Weekday Dinner for Two
FIRST PRIZE—£25. Mrs. R. J. Newman, 11 Redford St., Warrnambool, Vic.

Class 2.—Sunday Dinner for Two Adults
FIRST PRIZE—£25. Mrs. H.

Dann, 228A Lady Gowrie Drive, Largs Bay, S.A.

Class 3.—Weekday Dinner for Family of Four
FIRST PRIZE—£25. Mrs. I. Dunlop, 52 Durham St., Stanmore, N.S.W.

Class 4.—Sunday Dinner for Family of Four
FIRST PRIZE—£25. Mrs. R. L. Critchley, Box 9, Alice Springs, Central Aust.

Class 5.—Weekday Dinner for Family of Six
FIRST PRIZE—£25. Allison Fewtrell, 11 Marlborough Hall, 2 Roslyn Ave., Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.

Class 6.—Sunday Dinner for Family of Six
FIRST PRIZE—£25. Mrs. K. H. Wilkie, 11 Paxton St., North Ward, Townsville, Nth. Qld.

Class 7.—Oven Dinner
FIRST PRIZE—£20. Mrs. M. H. Oaten, 9 Angus St., Woodville South, S.A.

SECTION 4 Summer Dinners

Class 1.—Weekday Dinner for Two
FIRST PRIZE—£25. Mrs. C. Lancaster, 77 Bank St., Casino, N.S.W.

Class 2.—Sunday Dinner for Two
FIRST PRIZE—£25. Mrs. Russell Roberts, 61 Dudley St., Annerley, Qld.

Class 3.—Weekday Dinner for Family of Four
FIRST PRIZE—£25. Mrs. P. Wisdon, 253 Military Rd., Semaphore, S.A.

Class 4.—Sunday Dinner for Family of Four
FIRST PRIZE—£25. Mrs. E. Moss, 11 Campbell St., East Kew, Vic.

Class 5.—Weekday Dinner for Family of Six
FIRST PRIZE—£25. Mrs. L. Harrison, 6 James St., Lismore, N.S.W.

Class 6.—3-Course Sunday Dinner for Family of Six
FIRST PRIZE—£25. Mrs. M. Tobin, 4 Towns Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Class 7.—Top-of-Stove Dinner
FIRST PRIZE—£20. Mrs. C. Walker, No. 7 Seabrook St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

Further prize lists—pages 47 and 50

Last Tsarina of Russia

Continued from page 18

THE Tsarevitch's official doctor, Fedorov, constantly complained about Rasputin. Once Fedorov was about to perform a minor operation on the Prince, and had spread out all his instruments and materials, all sterilised, on a table. When the time for the operation was almost due, Fedorov found to his horror that Rasputin had covered the sterilised instruments with a filthy cloak.

Rasputin explained that this was the way he blessed the operation.

One summer, the Royal Family holidayed on the Polish frontier. Prince Alexis slipped and fell while jumping into a boat. His condition was critical and it seemed as if he would die. But a telegram arrived from Rasputin, who was at his home in Siberia, reading: "The illness is not as dangerous as it seems. Don't let the doctor worry him."

Whereupon the haemorrhage stopped!

To this day his success is unexplained, but records show that certain of the doctors in attendance had contemplated taking a desperate medical measure. This involved some risk and no one was prepared to say so to the Empress, nor to claim afterwards that it had been administered without permission.

Only the Royal Family and particularly the Tsarina seemed unaware of his true character. The explanation lies in his own cunning.

He knew what was required of him and at the palace played to the full his role of holy man. It was said that he telephoned from the palace when in the middle of an orgy he had the power to return suddenly to sobriety.

Through his influence over the Tsarina and hers over the Tsar, he controlled policy and appointments. Bribes passed constantly into his dirty hands.

As Rasputin's influence grew, Church and State authorities came in deputations to protest. The protests were ignored.

Rasputin began to fear assassination. He warned the Tsar and Tsarina that if he were killed by a commoner their lives and rule would be safe, but that if a noble killed him the Royal Family would be wiped out.

When the Tsar went to the front in the 1914-18 war, he left his wife as his unofficial deputy. By this time she had completely surren-

dered her judgment to Rasputin's, and her loving letters to her husband urged him all the time to follow the monk's advice.

Rumors began to mount that Rasputin was the Tsarina's lover, but they were false. She had but one love in her life—her husband.

Because the Tsarina had been Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, the cry "German traitor" began to rise. She was certainly anti-war, following a lead from Rasputin.

Into the Tsarina's ear, Rasputin poured advice on the army, and at night she would sit down and write her daily letter to her husband, urging him to replace one army commander by another, to put a Government Minister out of power.

● If you are interested in this article, the following books will give you more information:

"The Fall of the Russian Monarchy," by Bernard Pares.

"Russia From A to Z," by H. A. Freund.

"Behind the Veil at the Russian Court," by Count P. Vassili.

"Russia," by McKenzie Wallace.

Once the Tsar libbed at this advice, and replied:

"Our friend's (Rasputin's) opinions of people are sometimes very strange. Therefore, one must be careful."

But in the end, as always, Nicholas II yielded.

Unrest increased, and in 1918 Rasputin was denounced in the Duma (Parliament). Over the years there had been several attempts on his life, and now he was murdered by a group of nobles.

The distracted Empress took charge of the body, which was buried in the Palace Park with the Royal Family as mourners.

But Rasputin's death came too late to save Russia from revolution. All through Nicholas' uneasy reign there had been strikes and fighting, and he had firmly resisted the liberal movement.

The war had cost hundreds of

thousands of Russian lives. Despair swept the country as the Russians saw their armies pushed back on all fronts. Russia's dream of regaining Constantinople vanished, and while the front line soldiers fought, revolutionaries worked in the ranks and back in the towns to overthrow authority.

They issued orders that soldiers' committees should take control of rifles and ammunition, and remove them from the commanding officers. These orders forbade saluting, standing to attention, and the use of military titles. Officers were to be addressed as Mr. Captain, Mr. Colonel, and Mr. General. Discipline began to crumble. Within two months two million soldiers had deserted.

Trying to stem the tide, Nicholas decided in 1917 to abdicate, and ordered out the Palace guards to quell revolt. But as soon as the Cossacks saw the rebels they dropped their arms.

Soon revolutionaries arrested the Tsar, and all over Russia peasants began seizing land and murdering the landholders.

In semi-imprisonment the Royal Family was treated well at first. As the revolution grew, the atmosphere changed. Alexis for the first time was bullied and smacked by his former servants.

Orders came that the family should be taken to Ekaterinburg, in the foothills of the Ural Mountains. They made the best of it in the house where they were imprisoned with a few faithful servants. Hope still flickered within them as Czech legions on the way to rescue them were only a few days' journey off.

But the local Ekaterinburg Soviet met, and unanimously voted to execute "Citizen and Citizeness Romanoff and their children."

Death came to them in the cellar of the house. The Tsar held his invalid son in his arms when the bullets struck them, and then one by one died the beautiful girls and the Tsarina Alexandra.

Even a pet puppy belonging to Alexis was shot, and the bodies were burnt so that there should be no trace of the old regime.

Tsarina Alexandra met her death calmly when it came to her at the age of 45. Life had taken her a long way from her quiet girlhood in England to a savage death.

Yet she could write a few days before: "I love the country in spite of all the horrors and all the sins."



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Peter Dawson is not only a record maker—but a record breaker as well! He has recorded no less than 2,500 different songs, and he holds the record for largest sale of gramophone records of any artist. Peter is also the composer of those two fine songs "Boots" and "Land o' Mine".



FUNNYMAN



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and
JOE SHUSTER

Radio comic LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN and uses trick gadgets in his reversible suit to help his crime fighting. He takes JUNE FARRELL, his publicity manager, out in his jet-jalopy, they catch a gang of thieves when the lookout, HAROLD SQUARE, gives alarm too late. June asks Larry to revert to normal and treat her to a gay nightspot.

As I Read the STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): This week is more favorable than otherwise, and although August 3 and 4 are not very exciting, August 5 can be surprisingly lucky in either a business or emotional way. August 7 is good for new enterprise, and August 9 for finance and pleasure.

Taurus (April 22 to May 21): August 5, 7, and 9 are your most favorable days this week, particularly if contemplating any changes or removals, setting up house, renovating or buying furniture. Plans for a holiday or a voyage could affect you directly or indirectly.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Your creative ability has scope for expression this week. Push ahead in all artistic, intellectual, musical, or literary affairs, especially on August 5 and August 7. Your heart affairs and social activity can be particularly bright, so take advantage of every opportunity.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Opportunities may eventuate this week whereby you can increase your income. August 3, late afternoon of August 4, and August 5 are good days to take a speculative risk, a lottery ticket, or to further some ambitious scheme. August 7 and August 9 incline more to activity with associates or gain thereby.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Your personality is likely to be stirred into fuller activity, especially as you near August 5. This will help you to appear to good advantage and further all matters close to your heart. Romance could blossom or a new enterprise succeed. Watch also August 7 for good results.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Secret problems or matters held in abeyance could find a solution this week. August 5, 6, and 7 could improve your conditions by a financial uplift or a lucky break. Business or speculative interests should start to move on those dates.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Your emotional life seems to find a happier expression this week, especially nearing August 5. Romance and friendships are well expected and some wish could reach fulfillment. August 7 and August 9 are also fair days.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Some uplift in your career is indicated, and there is every possibility of your ambitions reaching a successful goal by August 5. Good luck is with you in any matters relating to short journeys, correspondence, or family affairs on August 7.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Your future prospects show some expansion this week, especially in your intellectual and social life. August 3, August 5, and August 7 could bring opportunities to enrich the mind, cultivate more interesting people, or make plans for some enjoyable trip.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Luck is more with you this week, but not wholly from your own efforts. August 3, August 5, August 7, or August 9 could bring some gain from either a partner, investment, security, or shared interests. Push all financial matters on these days.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Your chief interest, happiness, or benefit this week could be through your marriage partner or one who has your welfare at heart. August 5 and August 7 are your happiest and most progressive days.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): A new enthusiasm or scope for more individual effort could bring you some benefit this week. Business should look up nearing August 5 and a feeling of renewed health on August 7 and August 9.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

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DOWN FROM THE DARKENED SKY TOWARD TERRA FIRMA, SWOOPS A WEIRD VEHICLE.



FASTER! MUST I TAKE YOU SO LONG TO SWITCH YOUR GARMENTS?



THE JET-JALOPY... WELL-HID BEHIND THOSE BUSHES... AND IT'S NOT VERY FAR TO THE NIGHT-CLUB DISTRICT. SHALL WE GO DIG SOME LAUGHS?



MEANWHILE--ATOP A SLOW GOODS TRAIN, CHUGGING OUT OF EMPIRE CITY: HAROLD SQUARE!



TO BE CONTINUED

Which Twin has the Toni

and which the expensive Perm?

(See answer below)



As easy as putting your hair in curlers but the wave lasts as long as a salon perm!

TONI Home Permanent is a creme cold wave. Like millions of women, you'll say it's the loveliest perm you've ever had. Toni waves any hair that will take a perm, including grey, dyed, or baby-fine, and a TONI will last just as long as an expensive salon perm. Over 25,000,000 women throughout the world are TONI users!

TONI is a wonderful time saver! While your wave is "taking" — sew, cook, do all the things you normally would at home.

Save money now—save every time you need a permanent! The TONI Home Permanent Kit has plastic curlers that can be used again and again. For your next TONI all you need is the TONI REFILL that costs only 10¢.

It's hard to tell who has the TONI and who has the expensive wave! Alva, the Anderson twin at the right, has the TONI!

Toni

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(4/20)



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is quick



Use
FISHER'S
Polishing WAX

FOR FLOORS, LINO'S
AND FURNITURE

For dark woods ask for
FISHER'S DARK STAIN (WAXTANE)

THE STAKES ARE HIGH

When your health is at stake. Take a regular daily dose of R.U.R.—Nature's great cleanser and protector from poisons—far R.U.R. goes straight to the root of the trouble and purifies the bloodstream, making it alkaline and germ-resistant. Excess acids and toxins are washed away, and every organ of your body is wonderfully refreshed. Best of all, R.U.R. keeps you free from all those complaints that attack the urinary—skin diseases, neuritis, lumbago, gout, rheumatic troubles, acidosis, rheumatism, constipation, liver troubles, gastritis, and many other common ailments. Get rid of the poisons that undermine your health. Start the day right by asking at your local chemist or store for the new 2¢ "Ready-to-Take" packet of R.U.R. It spoons out like sugar.

TALKING OF FILMS

By

Marjorie Beckingsale

★★★ Rope

THAT crafty master of the film thriller, director Alfred Hitchcock, has busied himself to good effect in his newest release, succinctly called "Rope."

The story is Hume Cronyn's adaptation of Patrick Hamilton's play of the same name.

There are so many novel angles to be seen that we can overlook the fact that the climax comes too soon and the end is the least effective sequence.

The story of "Rope" is quite repulsive, as it deals with a murder which is committed simply for the lust to kill by a couple of young egomaniacs.

Two rich young men (John Dall and Farley Granger) strangle a friend and hide his body in a large wooden chest.

They change the food setting of their party buffet dinner, in which their victim's father and his fiancée are to be among the guests, from the dining-room to the top of the wooden chest and set the party accordingly.

This horribly macabre action eventually proves their undoing, as inevitably one of them (Granger) cracks under the strain and gives the show away to another guest—their former professor (James Stewart).

By omitting all "fadeouts" Hitchcock moves the camera continuously as it follows the movement of the characters.

In one instance, the most exciting sequence of all, the camera follows the movements of a maid as she clears away the party food from the top of the chest—dialogue of the unseen guests is the background.

Horrifying suspense is engendered while the audience waits for her to open the chest and replace its original contents—some books.

The unusual use of technicolor for a thriller is explained by the need to show the passing of just over an hour.

This is done by making the background a New York skyline which fades from late afternoon to night as the action of the film takes place in the one setting.

I was vastly impressed by the cast collected by Hitchcock, specially considering the work of young John Dall and Joan Chandler.



HEDY LAMARR tries on the ten-thousand dollar peacock-feather gown she wears as Delilah in the Paramount drama, "Samson and Delilah." In the background is excited Miss Eloise Jenssen, who designed the costume. Co-star in the film with Miss Lamarr is Victor Mature, and the director was Cecil B. DeMille.

James Stewart, aged by make-up, steps right out of his usual typing and portrays a middle-aged man who is the first to become suspicious of the murder and the ultimate denouncer of the killers.

Dall is just sufficiently gloating, even in the moments when a stammer, recognised as a relic of boyhood, betrays his inner excitement.

Joan Chandler, who plays the fiancée of the murder victim, seems to be an actress who might well have been given better parts long before this. I recall her in a minor role in the Joan Crawford film "Humoresque."

Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Constance Collier are well cast.

Released by Warners, this latest example of interesting modern film technique is at the Mayfair.

★★ The Dark Past

SOMEHOW I could not bring myself to believe in the Columbia's psychiatry drama—in spite of Lee J. Cobb, William Holden, and a smooth production. A cold-blooded killer (Holden) and

his gang hide in the country house of a psychiatrist (Lee J. Cobb), and hold up the doctor and his weekend guests while waiting to make a getaway.

All of this is everyday thriller material, but the psychiatrist's slow breaking down of the killer's morale by the turning out of his mind to display finally an outside Oedipus complex seemed a bit too much.

The subconscious effect of childhood experiences on his adult life was highly melodramatic, but psychiatry as practised in films solved the problem, and saved everyone, including, presumably, the killer, from any further such situations.

Lee J. Cobb is one of Hollywood's most comfortable actors. He always seems so at home in his job, and never more so than in this one.

Holden is sufficiently tight-lipped and brutal until reluctantly he agrees to work with the doctor over his problem of a trigger-happy finger.

Nina Foch as the killer's girl fits a sweater well, and has a few good lines of dialogue.

A lot of other players are present. The film is at the Victory.

★ The Lovers

CORNEL WILDE introduces his pretty, blonde wife, Patricia Knight, to the screen in Columbia's artificial melodrama.

It would be nice to agree with Cornel Wilde that Miss Knight is the century's gift to drama.

Unfortunately, she is no better, if no worse, than hundreds of Hollywood girls—whose claims to fame rest upon shoulder-length hair, a good figure, and the capacity to walk nicely.

Miss Knight certainly has an unconvincing role. She comes to the attention of a parole officer, Cornel Wilde, when she shoots a man for the love of a villain—John Baragrey.

In one of these puzzling gestures of the American law, Wilde succeeds in having Miss Knight paroled to his home—where she waits upon his blind mother (played over-sweetly by Esther Minciotti) and upon his kid brother.

Of course she and Wilde fall in love with each other; and of course the villain, John Baragrey, makes more trouble.

Cornel Wilde himself has some gloomy intensity in his role, but there is little of the high romance that pleases his fans.

I should imagine that both Wilde and Patricia would prefer to forget the whole thing.

This Columbia film is at the Lyceum.



JEANETTE MACDONALD and her husband, Gene Raymond, shield their eyes from the sun as they look for friends at the recent polo matches in Beverly Hills. The couple have been studying Spanish in preparation for a trip to Latin America, where Gene will produce a film which will star Jeanette.



YALLI, glamorous Italian film star, who has just completed David O. Selznick's "The Third Man," in which she co-stars with Joseph Cotten and Orson Welles. The picture was filmed in Vienna and England. Before she became an established Italian star, Yalli was a

student at the famous Experimental Centre of Cinematography, in Rome, where some of Italy's present leading directors also gained their early experience. Yalli recently returned to America to divorce her musician husband, Oscar de Mejo. She has one young son.

Into this World...



paul Duval

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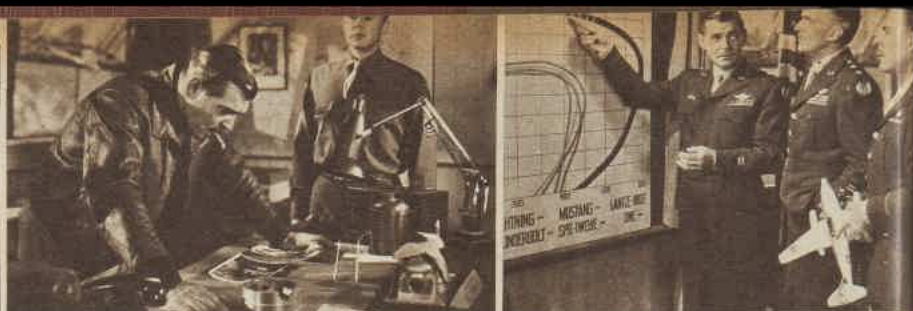
GOOD BRUSHES
YOU CAN
WELL AFFORD

HEARNE'S
FOR BRONCHITIS

There's Real Comfort
in Every Sip of
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COUGHS & COLDS



1 CAMPAIGN for sending bombers into Germany is changed by Brigadier-General Casey Dennis (Clark Gable) into three-day special mission. Casey is watched by his sergeant, Evans (Van Johnson).

2 DISAPPROVAL of new plan is expressed by General Kane (Walter Pidgeon). He fears political disapproval if there should be heavy casualties.

COMMAND DECISION



3 REFUSAL by Lieut. Jenks (Michael Steele) to go on coming second mission causes Dennis to order his arrest.

WITH an all star male cast, M.G.M. has filmed William Haines' play of an episode during World War II.

A former member of the U.S. Air Force, Clark Gable plays the top role of Brigadier-General Casey Dennis whose refusal to be influenced by political reaction to Air Force strategy costs him his command.

Walter Pidgeon, Brian Donlevy, and Van Johnson share starring honors with Gable. The film was produced by Sidney Franklin and directed by Sam Wood.

The technical adviser, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Birdsall, served in the same unit as Gable during the war.



4 AFTER LOSSES on second mission through faulty bombing, Kane cancels third mission to avoid inquiry.



5 ARRIVAL of Congress member (Edward Arnold) who hears that Dennis has persuaded Kane to allow third mission, which cost many lives again, results in stormy scene of criticism against Dennis.



6 NEW COMMAND is given by Kane to General Garnet (Brian Donlevy) after he has relieved Dennis of his position. Garnet realises Dennis was right.

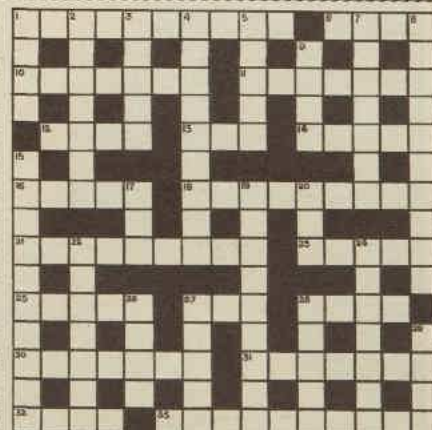
CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 53

ACROSS

- The kind of cold a man might get after shaving his beard to get a fur (10).
- Get away with you! His hood may not have hid our expression (4).
- A plover is easily disturbed and can make cover to extend beyond our search (7).
- When a fellow meets a cross tiger's relative in the house best not try catching it by the tail (4, 3).
- Sea explorer makes deep sounding himself (4).
- Make a little effort to solve this (3).
- Gives the egg head an over-cast color? (5).
- What is 100 the square of frequently? (2).
- The kind of man who misses nothing saw to it a party-song is included (5, 4).
- Boxer I hit (anag.) (9).
- Draughts games that are neither won nor lost (5).
- For fleecies make an ingredient aromatic took (5).
- Drink (3).
- How to baffle using metal wrapping as fencing equipment (4).
- However, 27 may give us the idea (7).
- I am double where I lie drunk (7).
- Hope you don't use such sudden force really, buddy (4).
- 27 across gives spirit to the saint's musicians (10).

DOWN

- Not the way to cut artist's hair specially produced by cultivation (4).
- Can exit muddle (This is not strictly correct) (7).
- Charitable contribution beneath the sea has a pacific effect (5).
- Make a naughty child take a bow, not without ought it be made intolerant (8).
- In brief, an arbitrator got to the heart of it but the solution isn't smooth (4).
- Raise money in Japan to chop the opening that we may ride on (7).
- It's strange to set out freshly from a solid hunt (10).
- How far can we go? In chariots without a mob's disturbances bringing it to an end? (4).
- Not to take us back or show your old form is really remarkable (10).
- One cribbage score that is swell (3).
- Grim names (anag.) (9).
- It is the last word in films (3).
- Strike a whale of an instrument giving a ring that must take on (7).
- Can I be lovable? (7).
- If mum's starting to treat with a rub and dad's at the head of the corridor it's easy for them both to be wise afterwards (4).
- Private teacher (5).
- Brief new fashioned substance like thread (5).
- The modes are lyrical, but you won't take them at first (4).
- £10, £5, and £2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 53 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close August 15, price and solution in issue of September 3.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 49

ACROSS: 1-Dam-a-scene. 4-Pla'd (alp turned). 9-Memoranda. 10-L-ape-l. 11-Sharp. 12-Battering. 13-Cap-ric. 15-Ram-pant. 17-No-nag-on. 18-Fe-in-ly. 20-Pun-gently. 22-B-limp. 25-Raise (anag.). 26-Low/land, etc. 27-Sixes. 28-Dry season.

DOWN: 1-Dum-as. 2-Ma-m/b/a. 3-Strip-ling. 4-Ennoble (anag.). 5-Es-actur. 6-Pulse. 7-Applicant. 8-De-light-ed. 13-Cun-spires. 14-P-en and /ink (anag. an end). 15-Ma-in-b-face. 16-Nettled (ideal ten turned, less a). 19-Fly away. 21-Ewers. 23-Indus. 24-Per-on (rep. turned).

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 49.—£10 to Mrs. E. Richardson, 250 Newcastle St., Perth, W.A.; £5 to Mrs. F. Dalton, 184 Penrhyn St., Wollongby, Sydney; £2 to Mrs. A. Gilmour, Western Rd., Eastern Creek P.O., via Rookby Hill, N.S.W.



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Help guard your gums against infection by regular use of S.R. Toothpaste. Sensible care of your gums will help you to keep sound teeth. Unhealthy gums may lead to extraction after extraction—don't wait until infection sets in.

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S.R. Toothpaste contains Sodium Ricinoleate, often used in treatment of inflamed, bleeding gums and gum rot.

S.R. TOOTHPASTE



HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THE NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE

SR.G.142wvg

Our £3000 Cookery Contest

This entry won £1000

Comprehensive plan gives every detail of arrangements for successful party

Winner of our £1000 prize for a twenty-first birthday party menu and plan, Mrs. G. A. Robbie, of Hobart, gave a completely detailed plan for the party through all preparatory steps up to the very moment of the guests' arrival and then through each stage of the entertaining. Her buffet dinner menu is published on this page.

Mrs. Robbie's entry, beautifully presented in book form, is much too long to be published in full here. On this page and the opposite one is a summary of her scheme.

SHE says in her foreword: "It could have been in any Australian home... but, looking up, there are tiny patches of snow on Mt. Wellington—and the setting is Hobart."

From start to finish Mrs. Robbie had in mind that she will one day be planning a twenty-first birthday party for her daughter. Her party plan and decoration scheme would be a delight to any girl celebrating her coming-of-age.

Guests are invited for 6.30 p.m., and will be received in the lounge with drinks and hors d'oeuvres, to the accompaniment of soft background music.

The party proper starts with a buffet dinner at 7 p.m., and the evening's entertainment is planned with dancing and novelty items to carry the guests through to 11 p.m., when a light supper of savories, sandwiches, and sweet biscuits is served with coffee.

Dancing then continues until the evening closes with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Preparations for the party are, of course, begun early in the preceding week, and Mrs. Robbie gives practical details of the advance organisation, which will prevent panic and ensure smooth running on the big night.

The cake is made a month ahead and decorations and novelties bought or made in intervening weeks.

Decorations

MRS. ROBBIE planned her scheme against the background of her own home. Her suggestions provide valuable pointers for hostesses planning parties at home.

The scheme is worked out to make the home for the evening a perfect setting for the party.

Simple decorative arrangements and effective backgrounds take their place as messages of welcome to the guests.

The season's flowers are put to their best possible use. Little bowls make points of focal interest in the lounge. In the dance room, the details are designed to give a suggestion of spontaneous gaiety.

The centre of attention is the vivid appearance of the buffet itself.

Reception room

THIS is the lounge. The atmosphere is formal here and the decorative motif is a floral one. The existing color scheme is green and rust and gold, as warming as the fire itself. The floral arrangements vary from a central display of rust chrysanthemums to a little wicker basket of poppies and evergreen pine.

WINNER'S MENU

Buffet dinner

CONSOMME CLAIR

MELBA TOAST

LOBSTER PARISIENNE WITH SALAD GARDEN

ASSORTED SAVORIES (Whitebait, sweet corn, brain, and walnut fillings)

CHICKEN A LA KING IN HARLEQUIN NOODLE RING

SARATOGA POTATOES

SNOW SURPRISE (Novelty ice-cream, meringue, and fruit salad sweet)

MAYPOLE BIRTHDAY CAKE

FRUIT CUP

COFFEE

Dining room

THIS room, where the buffet will be arranged, has pink curtains to establish colors to be used.

To achieve space and to throw the buffet table into relief the room is cleared of all furniture and reset in the manner described in the serving programme.

A white damask cloth covers the table and hangs deeply and evenly at the sides. Tall green candles stand in cream pottery holders towards either end. The crowning centre decoration will be the birthday cake.

On either side of the cake and midway between its position and the candles are two small troughs of flowers, red and white with green foliage sprays arching low to the table.

For the rest the decoration is in the presentation of the foods—in the colors of the noodle ring—the arrangement of the Salad Garden and the design of the Snow Surprise.

As well, two card tables are used, covered with pale turquoise-blue cloths. On each the floral theme is repeated in a small crystal vase.

Further decoration is obtained in the patterned arrangement of the silver and plates and napkins on the one hand and of glasses round the fruit-cup bowl on the other.

The serving table has a white covering cloth and, except for the effective arrangement of the serving materials, has no decoration. A necessary set of shelves is curtained to match the main room curtains.

Party room

AS a gesture to the traditional gaiety of the party room and in honor of the twenty-first birthday, an overhead canopy of twenty-one crepe streamers leads from the light to the walls.

Decoration is a multicolor plan of red, yellow, blue, orange, and green. The ceiling becomes a mass of balloons and gay streamers. A definite color pattern is used so that balloons can be sorted out and used as the basis of one of the novelty items in the dance programme. The balloons are attached to the ceiling by a few inches of sticker tape.

As an extra touch four or five colored, home-made lanterns are hung in the garden and lit just before the guests arrive. In the porch a welcome bowl of red geraniums contrast their vivid color with the small blue mat on the floor.

Birthday ceremony

THE ceremonial programme is planned to be brief. It includes the presentation of the key and the cutting of the birthday cake. It is introduced at the end of the sweets course with the raising of glasses for the loyal toast.

Presenting the key

THE key for presentation, with other keys used in the party preparations, were chosen from a drawer of spare keys in a hardware store and electroplated at very little cost.

Associated with the presentation of the key is the gift of a small autograph book with an inscription page of good wishes followed by the signatures of all present.

Following the loyal toast, glasses are recharged and the ceremony of the key begins.

At the end of a brief speech in which congratulations and sincere good wishes are expressed on behalf of all, the host takes the ribboned key from the table and with a comment on its symbolism presents it with the book to the guest of honor.

The guest of honor replies briefly, the cake candles and those on the table are lit—the room lights are put out and the cake is cut as "Happy Birthday" is sung. The twenty-one candles are then blown out in the traditional manner, and coffee is served in the lounge.

The dinner

THE serving programme for the dinner covers the table arrangement in the buffet room, the list of equipment required for serving, and an explanation of the serving arrangements for each course of the dinner itself.

It is dependent in part on the appointment of two buffet hosts or hostesses, who assist in the serving and in the many small ways which help a dinner to run smoothly.

To a large extent, however, guests serve themselves and the idea is to achieve an informal atmosphere.

The main, long table is in the centre of the room; arranged in corners are two card tables—one to carry the plates, forks, and paper



WINNING ENTRY. Mrs. Robbie's menu and plan which won her £1000 in our cookery contest is in book form, beautifully scripted and illustrated with delightful sketches. This shows the title page.

napkins, the other for glasses and fruit-cup.

A small table in a third corner carries serving equipment, while a set of shelves against the wall holds extra dishes for the table.

A traymobile stands near door for removal of used dishes.

China, cutlery

IF necessary, there are several ways in which the amount of crockery and cutlery required can be reduced. For example, the consommé is served in cups, and the cups washed later for use during the supper. The salad, chicken à la King, and the sweet each need small plates and forks, although spoons are better for the sweet.

If the budget imposes restrictions on the hiring of material, a minimum list can be drawn up as follows:-

- Thirty cups, saucers, and tea-spoons.
- Sixty bread and butter plates.
- Sixty forks.
- Thirty coffee cups and saucers.
- Thirty glasses for the reception drinks.
- Thirty glasses for toasts in the buffet room.

Serving dishes

TWO large trays (or four platters) are required for the lobster and salad course, with smaller dishes for extra salad, and serving forks and spoons.

Two platters for the chicken à la King, with heated pyrex casseroles for extra serving, and serving spoons.

One large white platter for the main setting of Snow Surprise, with knife for cutting and cake server. Plates for serving the remainder of the dish.

Silver dishes for patties and Melba toast.

Bowl and ladle (or glass jugs) for fruit-cup.

N.B. Check kitchen equipment for utensils large enough to cook the quantities required. Piping apparatus is necessary for the delicate icing of the birthday cake and sweet biscuits, but the Snow Surprise piping may be done with paper cone.

How to serve

THE SOUP is served in cups in the kitchen and taken to the buffet room on trays. The Salad Garden is a tablepiece and guests help themselves at any time during dinner.

CHICKEN À LA KING is set on hot serving dishes and served on hot plates from the small table. The savories and Saratoga potatoes are heated in the oven, placed in hot serving dishes and brought to the table just before dinner is due to begin.

SNOW SURPRISE is set on its tray at the end of the table and room lights may be put out for the

Forthcoming Cookery Book

ALL recipes for the buffet dinner menu, the supper, birthday cake, fruit drinks, and service will be given in our forthcoming Cookery Book.

Details of the entire decorative scheme, embracing house, buffet table, birthday cake, with accompanying sketches and photographs, will be included, also entertainment programme (embracing music and suggested games), shopping lists, and marketing programme.

few moments that the beacon fire (a surprise novelty on the sweet) is alight.

THE BIRTHDAY CAKE, after being cut by the guest of honor, is removed and small slices cut for serving with coffee.

Helpers

SOME help is needed for such duties as last-minute oven management, and preparation of some of the dishes, serving, removal of used dishes from the buffet table, any washing up necessary, and in changing the room from dinner to supper.

At least two buffet hosts or hostesses are appointed to help, and their duties explained beforehand.

Cooking

THE cookery programme is spread over several days, leaving as little as possible for the day of the party.

All the hot foods can be managed on one stove. For the best results with the cold foods a refrigerator or ice-chest is desirable, though in winter the southern hostess is not so dependent on them.

The kitchen is temporarily arranged to assist the programme. Cupboard and shelf space is cleared for the assembly of all ingredients.

Birthday cake

COMPLETE preparation of fruit for cake; allow to stand overnight.

Next day, finish making cake, store in tin.

Make Maypole decoration which will top the cake.

Monday

Make sweet biscuits and store in tin.

Make Melba toast, store in tin.

Make mayonnaise sauce.

Tuesday

Make almond paste and put on cake; stand overnight.

Make puff paste and store in cool place overnight.

Wednesday

Complete icing and decoration of birthday cake.

Ice and decorate sweet biscuits. Store in tin.

Cut out and cook pastry cases. Store in tin.

Thursday

Prepare consommé. Put in open bowls and store in refrigerator.

Cook chickens and flake flesh. Cover with greaseproof paper, store in refrigerator.

Prepare meringue tray for Snow Surprise. Set in very moderate oven and store in cupboard.

Make ice-cream and set in refrigerator trays.

Cook potatoes for potato salad.

Friday

Cook noodles and place colors in separate bowls. Keep moist.

Make bechamel sauce. Place in bowl and put buttered greaseproof paper in contact with surface of sauce.

Boil eggs.

Cut radish and beetroot roses, sunflower carrot slices, and make celery curls. Keep cold and crisp.

Prepare syrup for fruit-cup.

Make Saratoga potatoes, store in tin.

Prepare potato salad.

Prepare lobsters.

Saturday morning

Assemble all bread and fillings for sandwiches and canapés.

Cook canapés, add toppings.

Complete sandwiches. Wrap in greaseproof paper and damp towel.

Crisp all salad vegetables.

Grate cheese.

Saturday afternoon

Complete Lobster Parisienne.

Complete Salad Garden.

Prepare soup. Prepare garnish, and place in position on cups.

Fill patty cases and place on trays ready for heating.

Half hour before party

Place the consommé on the stove and allow to simmer.

Put party trays in oven at about 350deg. F.

Heat bechamel sauce and fold the chicken, also heated, into it.

Heat the noodles.

Set up chicken dishes a few minutes before serving.

Pipe the meringue cover to the ice-cream and add the final effects to the tray of Snow Surprise. Just before dinner replace in refrigerator till ready to be served.

• Other prizewinners pages 47 and 50.

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Sunny Tango . . . a trim and charming shoe . . . from the collection of

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In tan and white, also blue and white

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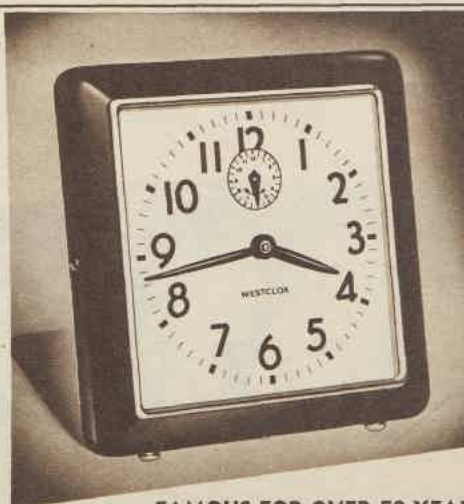


Sunny Tango

Bedggood
ARCHLOCK



4727



FAMOUS FOR OVER 50 YEARS

People all over the world continue to depend on Westclox Alarms to keep them on time. The new Westclox models are as modern as the moment.

WESTCLOX

Now made in Australia

Distributed by BROWN & DUREAU LIMITED
Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth.

Wedding Belles...

by CASHMERE BOUQUET

When Marcia Del Thomas married she did not change her name,
as she married Bob Thomas. The wedding was a gay affair. The vivacious
brunette bride looked adorable in a moire taffeta frock with a gorgeous bustle,
carrying an unusual bouquet. Her olive skin was as fragrant as her own
flowers and looked perfectly wonderful with Hawaiian Tan shade
in Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder.



"IT'S A WONDERFUL DAY..."

No wonder Bob looked so happy. His bride's sun-kissed skin was as smooth as a petal with its light make-up of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in Hawaiian Tan, its honey warmth dramatic against her bridal white.



"MY PERFECT FACE POWDER"

"Cashmere Bouquet — always and always!" says Marcia. It's more than half the secret! Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder goes on so beautifully, it's so fine and smooth — and clinging!

PURSETTE . . 1/6 REGULAR . . 23



"I'M ALWAYS SHIP-SHAPE"

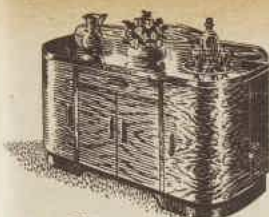
Sailing is Marcia's and Bob's favourite pastime, and that's a test for any face powder. Cashmere Bouquet remains faithful despite wind and weather. You can keep your complexion bridal-perfect with Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder.



CASHMERE BOUQUET
COSMETICS INCLUDE . . . LIPSTICK - ROUGE -
CAKE MAKE-UP - TALCUM - COMPLEXION LOTION POWDER BASE
... with the fragrance men love

CC11/709

IN SIX LOVELY SHADES . . . RACHEL • PECHE • SUNGOLD • HAWAIIAN TAN • HONEYGOLD • DREAM ROSE



Reflections—

Fine furniture reflecting the sunlight or the warm glow from the fire... fine glass and silver mirrored in the smooth gleam of polished wood... Maintain the beauty of your furniture by giving it the lasting polish of LIQUID VENEER. Just a touch of LIQUID VENEER cleans, beautifies and preserves highly finished surfaces and adds years to the life of your furniture. Good for motor cars too. LIQUID VENEER is obtainable at all good class hardware stores.

LIQUID VENEER

PRICES 4 oz. 2/3, 12 oz. 3/11
Australian Distributors:
FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD.
36/40 Chalmers Street, Sydney, N.S.W.



For regular habits
give baby Steedman's

The first essential of happy, healthy childhood is regularity, particularly during the difficult teething period. You can ensure this by giving baby Steedman's Powders—the safe, gentle and effective aperient which Mothers have been using with confidence for over 100 years. For baby's good health...

Give
**STEEDMAN'S
POWDERS**
ON SALE AT ALL CHEMISTS

New Asthma and Bronchitis Discovery

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Right away Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly relieving the attacks. The very first day the strangling congestion is dissolved, thus giving free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No drowsy, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and be entirely free from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely arrest your Asthma in 5 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Arrests Asthma ★ Bronchitis ★ Hay Fever



£3000 Cookery Contest

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS

Continued from page 38

Second prizes awarded in Section 3.—Winter Dinners

Every winner in this section is awarded a prize of £10

Class 1.—Best 3-course weekday dinner for two adults

Mrs. Nellie Pollak, "Marata," Glenfield, N.S.W.

Class 2.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for two adults

Mrs. J. McEwen, 36 Sunnyside Grove, Bentleigh, SE14, Vic.

Class 3.—Best 3-course weekday dinner for family of four

Mrs. I. Todd, 8 Grace St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Class 4.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of four

Mrs. A. Leaster, Ballon Forest, via Chinchilla, Qld.

Class 5.—Best 3-course weekday dinner for family of six

D. A. Howie, Home Hill, Nth. Qld.

Class 6.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of six

Mrs. J. Parrish, 2 Victoria St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Class 7.—Best winter oven dinner for family of six

Mrs. E. M. Kinnear, 16 Fifth Ave., Cheltenham, S.A.

Second prizes awarded in Section 4.—Summer Dinners

Every winner in this section is awarded a prize of £10

Class 1.—Best 3-course weekday dinner for two adults

Mrs. J. J. Lancaster, 31 Page St., Albert Park, Melbourne.

Class 2.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for two adults

Mrs. J. J. Hennessy, 61 Mimosa St., Bexley, N.S.W.

Class 3.—Best 3-course weekday dinner for family of four

Mrs. J. Weir, 12 Thorold St., Woolwin, Qld.

Class 4.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of four

Miss E. Piggett, 17 Clifford St., Mosman, N.S.W.

Class 5.—Best 3-course weekday dinner for family of six

Pauline Lewis, Home Hill, Nth. Qld.

Class 6.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of six

Mrs. A. Boyle, 578 Nepean Highway, Brighton, SE, Vic.

Class 7.—Best top of stove summer dinner for family of six

Mrs. J. W. Wannan, 6 Bond St., South Yarra, Vic.

Consolation prizes in £3000 cookery contest

Following is a list of the consolation prize winners in our £3000 Cookery Contest. Every winner receives a cash prize of £10.

SECTION 2

Class 1.—Celebration Dinner

Mrs. J. Campbell, Lalor St., Scarborough, W.A.

Mrs. M. R. Lamshed, Aldgate, S.A.

A. K. Fisher, 5 Princess Ave., East Caulfield, Vic.

Mrs. Kathleen Hodgkinson, 1 Margate Beach, Redcliffe, Qld.

Mrs. W. Dryburgh, Stanley St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Mrs. Margaret Duncome, Yarrara Rd., W. Pymble, N.S.W.

Class 2.—Barbecue

Miss M. Hosking, 78 Bundoock St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Leslie G. Hooper, 14 Bridge St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Blanche M. Carroll, 10 Bennett St., Cremorne, N.S.W.

David Francis Merriek, 5 Watkin Ave., Earlwood, N.S.W.

Willa Wark, 224 Old South Head Rd., Vaucluse, N.S.W.

Class 3.—Engagement or Pre-Wedding Party

Mrs. F. O. Owen, 559 Dandenong Rd., Malvern, Vic.

D. Renard, 24 Wallace Rd., Burwood, Vic.

Mrs. M. Paterson, 17 Elizabeth St., Launceston, Tas.

Mrs. D. Ross, 23 Hartley St., Cairns, Qld.

Mrs. J. A. Russell, Blackwood, S.A.

Class 4.—Wedding Breakfast

Mrs. F. Harrison, "Rosedale," Mt. Adrah, via Adelong, N.S.W.

Miss K. McIntyre, 30 Millbank St., Portland, Vic.

Mrs. A. M. Redman, Beckham St., Narrandera, N.S.W.

Mrs. I. Day, 89 Christmas St., Northcote, Nth. Qld.

Isabelle Thorpe Halls, 10 Orinoco St., Pymble, N.S.W.

Class 5.—Buffet Dinner

Mrs. Nance E. Cantlay, 26 The Avenue, Nedlands, W.A.

Mrs. Jean Thomas, 15 Spence St., Cairns, Qld.

Mrs. B. McTavish, 60B West St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Mrs. D. Hayes, 6 Cyprian St., Mosman, N.S.W.

Mrs. J. W. Kelly, Box 7, Post Office, Darwin, Northern Territory.

Continued on page 50

REDUCE—

Read...
how Miss Joan Healy reduced her hips 6 inches

YOUR WAIST and HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS with the SLIMFORM GIRDLE

"I read Slimform Company's advertisement and accepted their offer."

"They allowed me to wear the Girdle for 10 days on trial."

"The massage like action seemed to melt the fat away."

"In a short time I had reduced my hips 6 inches and weight 11 pounds."

YOU CAN TEST THE SLIMFORM GIRDLE FOR 10 DAYS

Does excess fat rob you of the grace and charm that you desire? Has unwanted flesh accumulated at waist, thighs and diaphragm in spite of your efforts to retain that girlish slenderness? Then you will be thrilled by the result which the massage-like action of the Slimform girdle produces.

GENUINE 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL OFFER...

You can prove to yourself these truly amazing reducing garments will take off at least three inches of fat from your waist, hips and diaphragm or you do not have to pay one penny piece.

**DO NOT DELAY
SEND AT ONCE!**

WRITE YOUR NAME
AND ADDRESS CLEARLY!

SLIMFORM GIRDLE CO
DESK 'A', 228 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

You'll sing as you wring
"Acme takes the guesswork out of wringing"

Acme's latest feature—the 'pressure indicator'—is something to sing about! Something that gives you better results for less effort. Something which means that everything you wring—delicate silks, gay cottons, sturdy linens, fluffy woollens, now receive exactly the right pressure needed to extract water, expel embedded dirt and preserve the life and freshness of each fabric. Acme's 'pressure indicator' simply 'takes the guesswork out of wringing!'

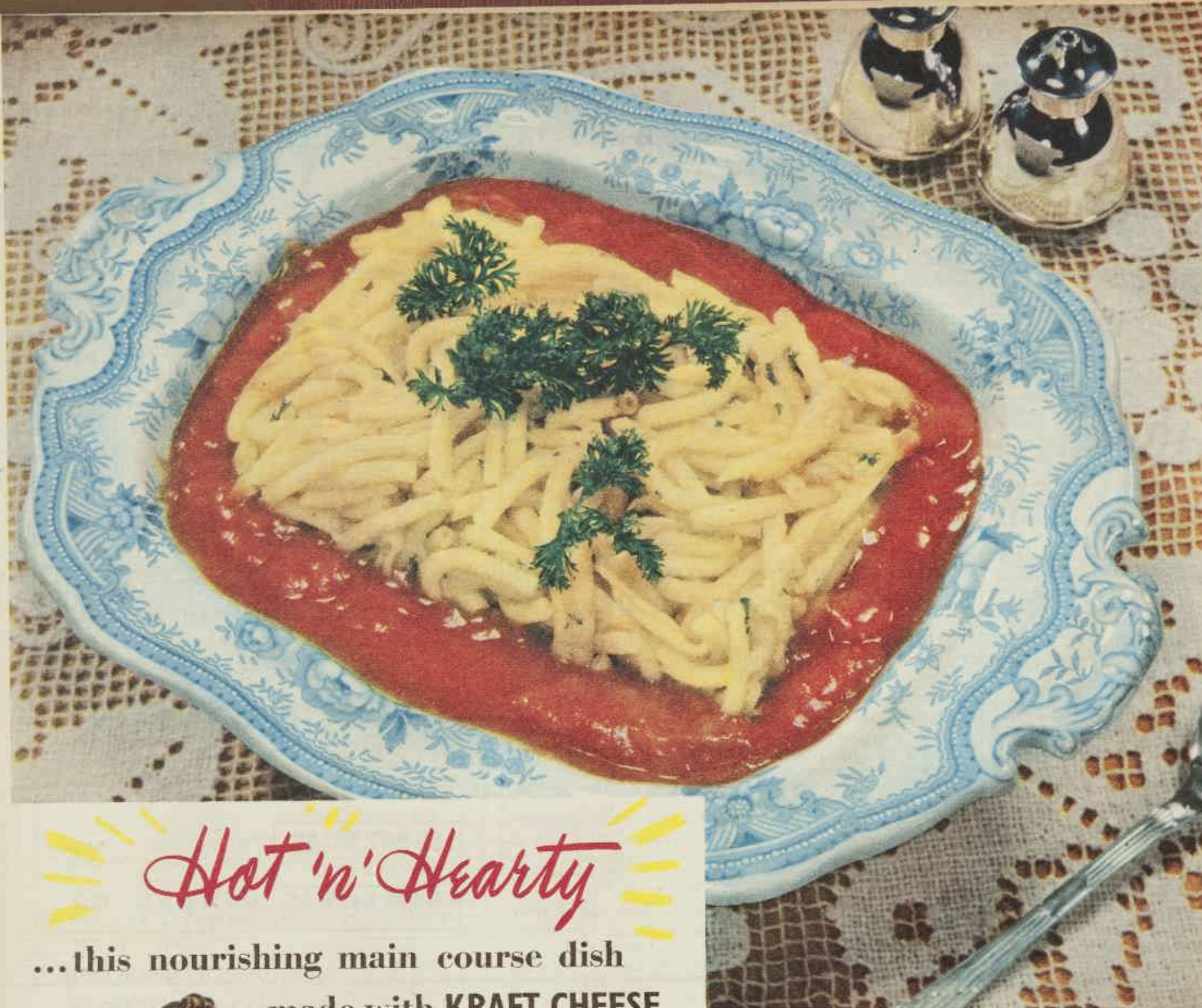
You'll feel pretty happy about Acme's rubber rollers too. They're made from the finest resilient rubber, and they're solid right through to the spindle. That's why they wear better, last longer. Acme make them themselves and always have!

SEE the new ACME with the 'pressure indicator'

Obtainable at all leading hardware and departmental stores

Factory Representatives:
J. CHALEYER & CO.
Pioneer House
353 Flinders Lane
MELBOURNE, C.1

Manufactured by ACME WRINGERS LIMITED DAVID STREET GLASGOW SE SCOTLAND



Hot 'n' Hearty

...this nourishing main course dish
made with **KRAFT CHEESE**

by
ELIZABETH COOKE,
Kraft Cookery and
Nutrition Expert



KRAFT MACARONI CHEESE DE LUXE

6 ozs. macaroni; 6 ozs. Kraft Cheese; 1 onion; 1 small tin tomato soup; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn flour; dash cayenne; salt; little butter or margarine; parsley.

Boil macaroni in salted water until tender. Drain. Mix flour, salt and cayenne with a little cold water. Cook for two minutes, stirring constantly. Shred Kraft Cheese. Chop onion finely and fry until tender in butter or margarine. Blend with macaroni, flour mixture, and dessertspoon of finely chopped parsley. Place in greased baking dish and bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Unmould on a deep serving dish and garnish with parsley. Pour hot, undiluted tomato soup around it and serve at once. Serves four.

IMPORTANT. Use only Kraft Cheese for this and all other cooked cheese dishes. The true cheddar flavour of Kraft Cheese never alters no matter how you cook it.

Just savour that rich cheddar flavour! Any way you serve Kraft Cheese—in nourishing cooked dishes, sandwiches or savouries—you get cheddar cheese at its tempting, wholesome best. What's more, Kraft Cheese is *all* cheese—no wasteful rind, and the hygienic foil wrapper keeps Kraft Cheese fresh and delicious to the last tasty slice.

KRAFT CHEESE is rich in

*Proteins
Calcium
Phosphorus plus
Vitamins A, B² and D.*

Everybody needs the goodness of Kraft Cheese — especially growing youngsters. Give them lots of tasty Kraft Cheese — they love it!

KRAFT CHEESE

Tastes Better because it's
BLENDED BETTER!

BY THE FIRESIDE

By Our
Food and
Cookery
Experts

FIRESIDE meals, particularly at the weekend, produce a picnic atmosphere at home, and are popular with all members of the family.

Quickly prepared savory dishes are suitable for informal service of this type. Foods to be eaten with a fork or held in the fingers are best. In the latter case, provide plenty of paper serviettes.

Serve broth or soup in cups for easy handling and to retain heat. Spoon measurements are level.

CREAMED CORN AND PEAS

One cup sweet corn, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 cup chopped cooked bacon (carefully chopped), 1 teaspoon chopped onion or shallot, salt and pepper to taste, bacon rolls to garnish.

Combine all ingredients except bacon rolls. Reheat thoroughly. Fill into ramekin dishes, garnish with bacon rolls, serve hot. Chopped, parboiled red or green pepper, or both, may be added for extra flavor if desired. Sufficient for four.

CAULIFLOWER AND TOMATO RAREBIT

Two cups small sprigs cauliflower, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tomato, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1 egg, 1/3rd cup grated cheese, salt, pepper, parsley to garnish.

Wash cauliflower sprigs thoroughly. Drop into boiling salted water, simmer gently 6 to 8 minutes according to size. Meanwhile prepare rarebit sauce. Melt margarine or butter, add skinned chopped tomato and onion. Cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add beaten egg, cheese, salt, and pepper. Stir over low heat until thick. Drain cauliflower, fill into individual ramekin dishes. Pour sauce over, garnish with parsley. Serve piping hot. For four.

FEATHERLIGHT SCONES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons powdered milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2 dessertspoons margarine or butter, scant 1 cup warm water.

Sift flour, salt, and milk powder. Add sugar. Melt margarine or butter in warm water, add to dry ingredients, making a soft dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Press to 1/2 in. thickness. Cut into rounds or squares with floured cutter or knife. Pack closely together on scone-tray, dusted lightly with sifted flour. Bake in hot oven (475deg. F. gas, 525deg. F. electric) 8 to 10 minutes. Turn on

to cake-cooler, cover with clean tea-towel. Dust flour from base of scones and break apart before serving. Makes approximately 1 doz scones. For supper by the fire, serve on large platter with cheese, gherkins or stuffed olives, fruit, and biscuits—a few celery curls for those who like something crisp to nibble at the end of such a meal.

SAUSAGES MADRAS

One pound pork sausages, 1 tablespoon good shortening, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons curry powder (or less, according to taste), 1 cup meat or vegetable stock, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon sweet chutney, lemon juice, salt to taste, 1 chopped apple, lemon and apple wedges to garnish.

Cover sausages with boiling water, simmer 10 to 15 minutes according to size. Meanwhile prepare curry sauce. Melt shortening, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in curry powder, then stock, milk, chutney, chopped apple, salt to taste. Stir until boiling, simmer 5 minutes. Drain sausages, remove skins. Cut into 1/2 in. slices. Fold into sauce, flavor with lemon juice. Turn into hot ramekin dishes, garnish with apple and lemon wedges. For five or six.

CHEESE AND VEGETABLE SCALLOPS

Two small cooked beetroot, 1 cup diced celery, 2 cups white sauce, salt, pepper, 6 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 6 tablespoons grated cheese, parsley to garnish.

Grease four individual ramekin dishes or large scallop shells. Dice beetroot, mix with celery; season with salt and pepper. Fill into prepared dishes. Coat thickly with heated white sauce. Top with crumbs and cheese mixed together. Bake in hot oven until thoroughly reheated and top brown and sizzling. Garnish with parsley. Serve at once. For four.

HOT VEGETABLE BROTH

Quantity of beef bones, 2 1/2 quarts water, 1 dessertspoon salt (more added later if necessary), 2 carrots, 1 small swede, 1 large onion, 3 sticks celery, 4 tablespoons rolled oats, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 large tomato (peeled and chopped), fried, baked, or toasted croutons.

Wash bones; remove as much fat and marrow as possible. Gash meat well with sharp knife. Place in large saucepan with water and salt. Allow to stand a while. Bring slowly to boiling point. Peel vegetables, cut into dice; chop celery. Add to soup, cook steadily 2 hours. Add rolled oats, cook 1 hour longer, stirring frequently. Fold in peas and tomato, cook 5 minutes longer. Serve piping hot with croutons. Serves 7 or 8. May be ladled into cups for fireside service.

HOME-BAKED BEANS

Half pound Lima beans, 2 tablespoons margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 pint meat or vegetable stock, 1 dessertspoon treacle, 1 1/2 cups tomato puree (or tomato soup), 2 rashers lean bacon, salt and pepper to taste.

Wash beans well, cover with water, soak overnight. Drain, cover with boiling water, simmer 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Drain. Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in stock, treacle, tomato puree. When boiling, fold in chopped bacon, drained beans, salt and pepper to taste. Turn into casserole (edges and rim of lid well greased), cover, bake steadily 3 to 3 1/2 hours or until beans are soft. For five or six.

SAVORY STUFFED FRANKFURTS

Nine or 10 large frankfurts, 1 1/2 to 2 cups hot mashed potato, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon grated onion, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon milk.

Place frankfurts in warm water, bring slowly to boiling point. Remove from heat immediately; stand aside 5 minutes. Meanwhile, beat butter, onion, cayenne, and milk into hot mashed potato. Drain frankfurts, split lengthwise, cutting nearly through. Open up, spoon or pipe potato into opening. Place on greased tray in moderate oven until potato is lightly browned. For 4 or 5.

Grated cheese or chopped parboiled red or green pepper may be added to potato for extra flavor. For fireside service, garnish tray with colored onions on cocktail sticks.

DISHES illustrated would not all be served at the one fireside meal. A good selection is hot vegetable broth, cheese and vegetable scallops, stuffed frankfurts with onion and parsley topped with tomatoes, oven cooked scones, and cheese. Other savories illustrated, served in individual ramekins, would replace the cheese and vegetable scallops.



**Fascinating
to men... the charm
of her lovely skin can be yours
with Rexona's gentle care.**

A pure and flawless complexion comes from glowing skin health. Gently medicated Rexona Soap tones your skin and cleanses away impurities that may cause distressing blemishes. Rexona's secret is Cadyl—an exclusive preparation containing Oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves and Terebinth, all proven aids to complexion loveliness.

GIVE YOURSELF A DAILY FACIAL... A DAILY BEAUTY BATH

WITH



Rexona

MEDICATED SOAP

FOR NATURAL
SKIN LOVELINESS

X.98.WW102G

"MUMMY SAYS DALMAS IS BEST FOR ALL CUTS"



It's a second's work to apply Dalmas Plastic Dressings—and they really stay on and keep on, with no fraying edges. Smooth surfaces won't catch in clothes. Doctors and Nurses recommend Dalmas Dressings because each contains its own antiseptic to encourage safe, easy healing.



IT STICKS—IT'S BRITISH

DALMAS
PLASTIC FIRST-AID DRESSING

1/71 at all Chemists and Stores

Made by A. de St. Dalmas, Leicester, surgical adhesive plaster makers since 1823.



WATERPROOF
Dalmas Dressings are completely water-proof, grease-proof, acid-proof.

INVISIBLE
Skin-coloured Dalmas Dressings hardly show at all.

ALL-WAY STRETCH
Dalmas Dressings stretch in all directions, not just one way.



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear
or cut out
ready to make

Mavis

"MAVIS."—Delightful underwear set features an Empire waist-line in the nightgown, which also has two pockets to make effective finish. The slip is cut to fit perfectly under the new season's line. The set is of printed mesh voile, with a small floral design printed on white, pale-blue, or pale-pink ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Nightgown, 39/11. Postage 1/9 extra. Petticoat, 24/9. Postage 1/3 extra. Scanties, 12/11. Postage 1/- extra. Complete set, 74/9. Postage 2/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Nightgown, 27/3. Postage 1/9 extra. Petticoat, 17/9. Postage 1/3 extra. Scanties, 8/3. Postage 1/- extra. Complete set, 51/6. Postage 2/3 extra.

N.B.: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

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Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
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N.Z.: Box 4098W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

£3000 Cookery Contest

CONSOLATION PRIZES

Continued from page 47

SECTION 2

Class 6.—Bridge Tea

Mrs. E. Hagarty, 10 Claremont Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.
Mrs. Grace Evans, 10 Phoenix Ave., Concord West, N.S.W.
Mrs. P. G. Russack, 32 Farrant St., Prospect, S.A.
Mrs. Doris F. Wannan, 334 Donovan St., Albury, N.S.W.
Mrs. K. J. O'Sullivan, Rural School, Ingham, Qld.

Class 7.—Children's Party

Mrs. B. Philpot, C/o Box 155, Renmark, S.A.
Mrs. J. M. Stuckey, 204 The Avenue, Parkville, N2, Vic.
Mrs. L. Burns, 104 Fourth Ave., Eastwood, N.S.W.
Mrs. P. Clarke, 31 Penrose St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.
Mrs. J. F. Kefford, 6 Gordon Cres., Eastwood, N.S.W.

SECTION 3

Every winner receives a cash prize of £5

Mrs. Kathlene Barr, 26 Woodbine Cres., Ryde, N.S.W.
Mrs. R. Dickinson, C/o Mrs. Gleeson, 17 Lissom Grove, Hawthorn, Vic.
Mrs. P. J. Drake, 399 Logan Rd., Stones Corner, Qld.
Mrs. C. P. Grant, "Rothbury," Chidlow, W.A.

Miss M. Grant-Cooper, 29 Ben Boyd Rd., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.
Mrs. J. Lovatt, "Darnley Hall," Onslow Ave., Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.
Mrs. B. Mackay, 8 Reginald St., Abbotsford, N.S.W.
Mrs. D. L. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.
Mrs. E. M. Shelton, Toomuc Valley Rd., Pakenham Upper, Vic.
Mrs. A. Weston, 11 Norris St., Mackay, Qld.
Mrs. A. J. Wilson, 11 Government Cottage, Parklands, Thebarton, S.A.

SECTION 4

Every winner receives a cash prize of £5

Mrs. E. J. Bass, 11 Colpin Ave., Ballarat, Vic.
Mrs. R. Bower, 51 Servetus St., Swanbourne, W.A.
Mrs. E. Scott Donnelly, 6 Cornwall Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.
J. Fremantle, The Caravan, Park Rd., Baulkham Hills, N.S.W.
Mrs. M. K. Halliday, 10 Oban Ave., Black Forest, S.A.
Mrs. T. Hick, C/o Guest House, Yallourn, Vic.
Mrs. L. F. Myers, C/o Research Station, Griffith, N.S.W.
Mrs. C. G. Pattison, Hows Rd., Toombul, Qld.
Miss M. Ramsay, 11 Eveleigh St., Woolwin, N3, Qld.
Mrs. I. M. Stringer, 22 Grey St., Wangaratta, Vic.
Mrs. N. Tiver, 12 Olive St., Cottonville, S.A.

Etiquette Quiz



Q: When your heart throbs, offers you a cigarette, whose should he light first... yours or his own?

A: He lights his own first, to save you from the first flare and petrol fumes of his lighter or the phosphorous fumes of the match.



WHEN GOOD FORM COUNTS

WEAR
Hestia
SPIRAL BRA

RID KIDNEYS OF POISONS AND ACIDS

If you suffer sharp, stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, if above your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Reluctance, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sleepless Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Cycles under Eyes, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds, etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex Treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisons acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by one-time sufferers in 13 countries from the troubles shown above. Mrs. Reg. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me, and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 2 sizes—4/6, 8/6.

This is a **GUARANTEED CYSTEX** Treatment for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

FACIAL HAIRS

Simple
Home Treatment

Sufferers from superfluous hairs should give "VANIX" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

"VANIX"

is a scientific discovery by Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly devitalises and then destroys the hair. It has no detrimental effect on the skin and is simple and pleasant to use.

"VANIX" is priced at 5/11 a bottle (Postage 6/6) from Ballam's Pty. Ltd., 312 George St., Sydney, and all Branches: Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 378 Little Collins St., Melb.; and Birks Chemists, Ltd., 57 and 378 Rundle St., Adelaide.

Holds My FALSE TEETH Tighter and Longer

I've tried several kinds of powders to hold my false teeth. When I tried FASTEETH I found the one powder that does not thin out or wash away but "stays put" all day. It gives a most pleasant feeling, a real sense of security. Breath always pleasant. If anyone with loose-fitting false teeth wants all-day comfort and real staying power, get FASTEETH at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

Add the "Master Touch"

with

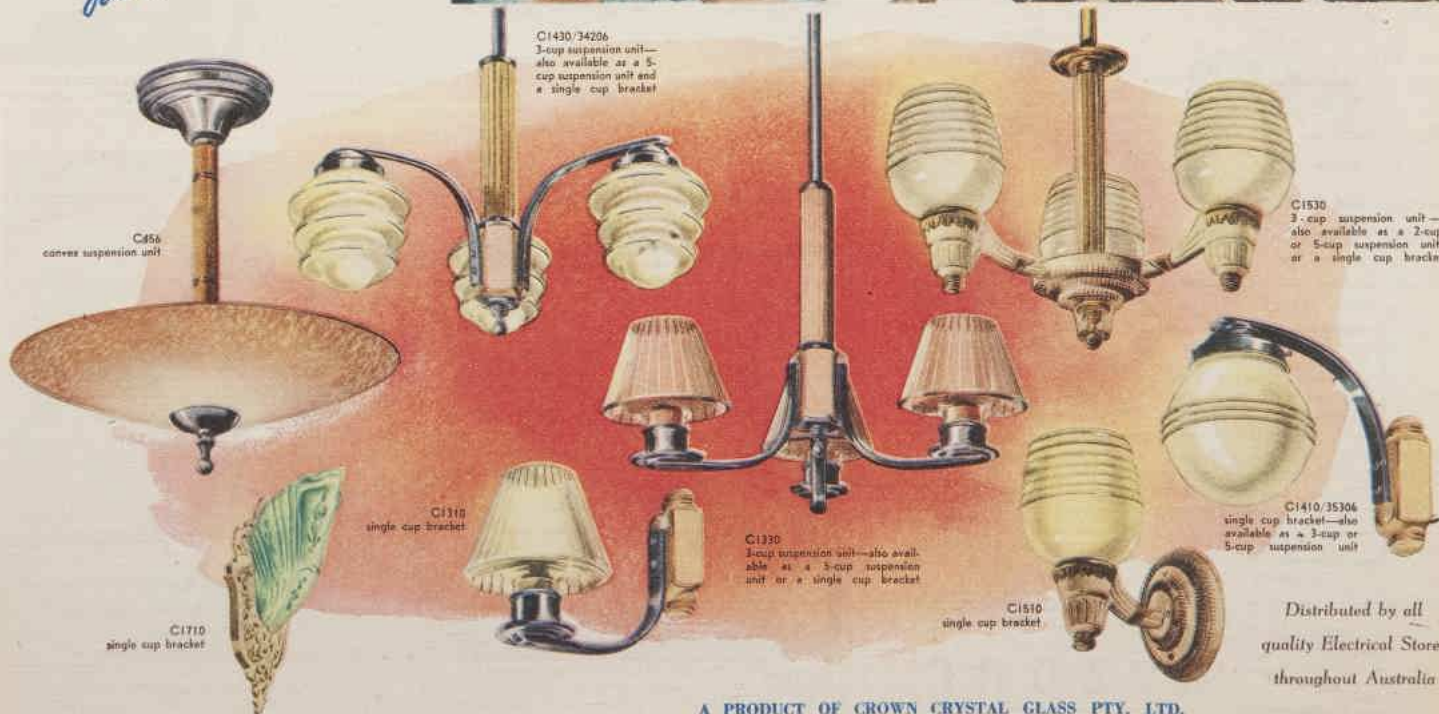


You've created a really "livable" room . . . new carpet, new chairs, new curtains . . . all carefully planned, all part of a well-considered scheme. Now comes the time to either make or mar . . . comes time to choose a lighting unit to do justice to its setting. With Crown Lightingware you can be sure of adding just the right touch. Crown units enhance the appearance of any room, contributing not only beauty, but true comfort through perfect seeing qualities. Crown Lightingware combines artistry with scientific design and yet remains amazingly inexpensive. Be sure the Crown emblem is on every lighting unit you choose.

*An ever-increasing Range -
to meet every need
for Home Lighting*



C1750
5-cup suspension unit—also avail-
able as a 3-cup suspension
unit or single cup bracket



C456
convex suspension unit

C1430/34206
3-cup suspension unit—
also available as a 5-
cup suspension unit and
a single cup bracket

C1530
3-cup suspension unit—
also available as a 2-cup
or 5-cup suspension unit
or a single cup bracket

C1710
single cup bracket

C1310
single cup bracket

C1330
3-cup suspension unit—also avail-
able as a 5-cup suspension
unit or a single cup bracket

C1510
single cup bracket

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single cup bracket—also
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5-cup suspension unit

Distributed by all
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A PRODUCT OF CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.



The Waldorf Astoria, New York

You'll see Lily Dache hats, Hattie Carnegie gowns, Cartier jewels and the lush colors of Pond's "Lips" on the socialite New York women who go to be seen at the Waldorf-Astoria on Park Avenue. From the eight shades in Pond's "Lips" choose the color for day . . . and the color for night . . . for you. Each color in "Lips" is knowingly romantic . . . intense . . . dynamic as the super-smart New York women who are wearing them.

Put New York colors on
your lips—with

Pond's "LIPS"

SO SATIN SMOOTH

Eight colors that stay on . . .
and on . . . and on!

"DITHER"	"BEAU BAIT"
"HEART THROB"	"RASCAL RED"
"BLACK BLAZE"	"HONEY"
"DARK SECRET"	"BLUE FIRE"



PAIN
that kept her
in bed . . .

Terrible, dragging
spasms so bad she
missed a day from
work every month.

Discover for yourself the
complete, lasting and
safe relief of period pain that you
can get with a couple of little Myzone
tablets. When you want to sit down
and cry with the pain and that
terrible feeling of weakness . . . let
Myzone's marvellous **Acterin** (anti-
spasm) compound bring you blessed
comfort.



"It's remarkable how Myzone ban-
ishes that languid despondency. It
is science's greatest gift to women."

MYZONE

★ Just take
two Myzone
tablets with
water or cup
of tea. Try
Myzone with
your next
"pain." All
chemists.



CORNER of the dining-room in the Malvern, Vic-
toria, home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wood. Walls and
ceiling are library-green, and copper-toned carpet
covers floor. Curtains are striped Italian damask.

Attractive Melbourne home

By EVE GYE, Editor of Our Homemaker Department

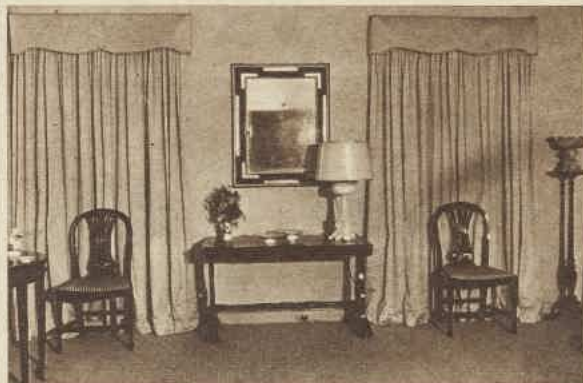
ARTISTIC furnishings, orig-
inality in planning, and
scope for comfortable living
make Mr. and Mrs. Sam
Wood's newly decorated home
at Malvern one of Mel-
bourne's most charming
houses.

Mrs. Wood, young and enthusi-
astic homemaker, spent months
planning decorative schemes for
each room, and, starting with the
kitchen, supervised alterations and
additions herself.

Colorful and attractive, the kit-
chen is also an efficient workshop,
fitted with some unusual labor-sav-

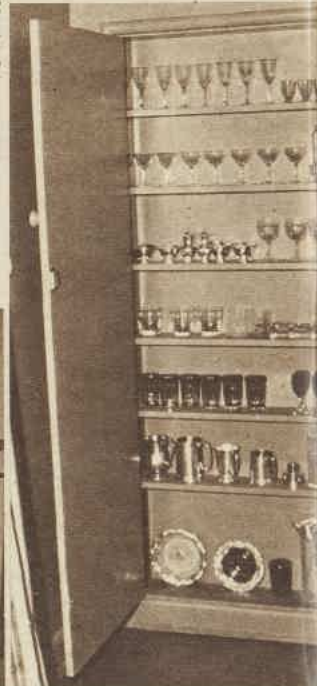
ing appointments. Handy shelves
for tea-towels are within reach of
the sink, and above it is a special
shelf for soaps and powders. A tin-
lined cupboard accommodates the
garbage can, and the electric mixer
has its own cupboard, too. A re-
volving wire cage holds fruit and
root vegetables set in a well-venti-
lated cabinet. All wall cupboards
have narrow shelves for easy access
to groceries, china, and glass. There
are special racks for trays, and a
corner under a gaily curtained win-
dow for the planning of meals.

Lovely flower arrangements, pic-
tures, and exquisite bric-a-brac
blend beautifully with the decorative
scheme of every room.



ONE END of drawing-room, showing floor-length curtains of heavy
Roman sheeting which are lined and have padded hems. Venetian
mirror hangs above mahogany table. Small occasional chairs have
Roman-striped damask seat-covers.

COLOR SCHEME of kitchen is
apple-green, white, and cherry.
Floor is covered with cherry tino-
leum, as are all cemented-down
bench tops.



SUFFICIENT bricks were removed
from the wall in the dining-room
to make this shallow cupboard to
hold glasses and silver.

NEEDLEWORK ART . . .



A TRIO OF NEEDLEWORK PICTURES brought to Australia by Captain Bird, of the British India Steam
Navigation Company, made by his sister, Miss Marie Bird, of "The Grange," East Drayton, Nottinghamshire,
England. On the left is an autumn scene, and in the centre a superb reproduction of Anne Hathaway's cottage.





FIREPLACE with its beautifully sculptured marble swag is focal point of drawing-room, which runs full length of house. Walls are a delicate chartreuse, as are covers of settees and easy chairs. Carpet is in a deeper tone. Lovely old papier-mache tray, set on stand, serves as bedside table. Sevres clock, flowers, and bric-a-brac on mantelpiece.



SPACIOUS MASTER BEDROOM has this restful corner. Massive Sheraton four-poster bed has canopy and covers in ginger-toned chintz, with white medallions and sprigs of moss roses and lily of the valley. Lazy Susan revolving table holds telephone and books at bedside. Chartreuse carpet on floor; walls are aubusson-pink.



ANOTHER CORNER of the colorful kitchen, showing cupboards and accenting the chintz blinds which Mrs. Wood made, also special cabinet for electric mixer.

Sunny position for frangipani

THE fragrant frangipani, or plumeria, as it is known botanically, is a native of tropical America that has more than settled down in Australia. To-day it is almost regarded as a fairly hardy native.

Generally regarded as frost-tender, the frangipani will, however, withstand mild visitations provided the rather tall, sturdy-wooded shrubs are planted against a wall or fence and thus protected from the frost-fog, which usually keeps well out in the centre of enclosed gardens.

For very cold districts, however,

the frangipani should be given protection at night, for a heavy frost will cause it to die down to the ground level. For warm, coastal districts from Sydney northwards to the tropics, it is an ideal and lovely shrub, which produces innumerable waxy-petalled flowers most sweetly perfumed.

It is not difficult to grow in good soil containing plenty of fibrous material, but requires a hot, sunny position for best results. The soil must, however, be well drained, and should be limed once every two years, as the shrub detests acid conditions.

September to October is the best time of the year to set the plants out, when all danger of frost is over. Cuttings of the thick, fleshy wood can also be taken in September, and will strike readily if set deeply in sandy loam containing some leaf-mould.

A northerly aspect that is well protected from southerlies and westerlies is advised, or the blooms, which are very loosely attached to the tree when fully open, may shed and cause disappointment.

There are two well recognised varieties of this shrub—the creamy colored *Plumeria acutifolia* and a pink-flowered type, *P. rubra*. Both are very beautiful and are much used in Hawaii by lei-women for making the lovely leis so much sought by tourists.

The shrub is deciduous, and loses its leaves in autumn every year, after which it should be rested throughout the winter and not watered unless the winter happens to be dry.—Our Home Gardener.



LAKESIDE SCENE in midsummer is the theme of this picture. A little path winds its way between a carpet of flowers that reaches right down to the brink of blue waters.



Four months ago my hands were so useless I couldn't dress myself.



A dreadful depression and hopelessness was getting me down.



Sleepless at night with pain, I had to have pillows under my swollen knees and arms.



Now I can enjoy myself and do my work again.

*"At last I'm free
to look after my little family—"*



This human story will interest many sufferers who should be enjoying radiant health.

The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take the Menthoid treatment.

Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on. . . . For the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family.

Many thanks to Menthoids for my new happiness.



**Start a course of
Menthoids to-day**

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6 from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to:

**BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES
Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.**

Your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

Menthoids will help you too, if you suffer

Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this young Australian mother and her family. For theirs is the story of thousands of other people in the Commonwealth to-day. Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches and Simple High Blood Pressure are so common to-day that it has been estimated that these, and kindred ailments, cost Australians approximately £25,000,000 a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your bloodstream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

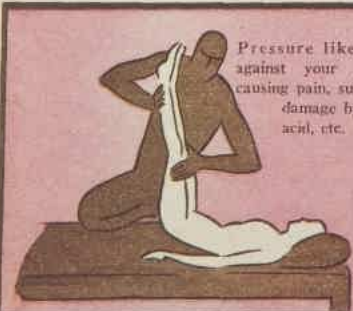
Menthoids contain no harmful drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great medicine containing Thionine. They are a tried and proven family

treatment that has brought relief from the painful, crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid to generations of Australians. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment. Menthoids will quickly relieve you of that unhappy depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

How the Menthoid Treatment acts

A large proportion of drugs and medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are greatly reduced. In order that Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on kidneys, bladder and bloodstream the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective

properties after passing through the digestive tract. Menthoids help to drive out the poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Lumbago and similar ailments.



Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.



Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 140.—TABLE CENTRE

Embroider this table centre, measuring 11in. x 17in., in buttonhole and stemstitch. The material is a heavy cream Irish linen or sheer linen in shades of white, blue, lemon, pink and green. Price, 5/11. Postage, 4½d. extra.

No. 141.—LITTLE GIRL'S PINAFORE AND BLOUSE

Cut out ready to sew, this pinafore and blouse can team up together or be worn separately. The pinafore is in cambrie in variegated red, lemon, blue, green, and brown stripes. And the blouse of rayon crepe-de-chine is in white, pale pink, and blue.

Pinafore: Length, 18in., 2yrs., 5/2. Postage, 6½d. extra. Length, 19in., 3yrs., 5/9. Postage, 7½d. extra. Length, 20in., 4yrs., 8/6. Postage, 1/0½ extra. Length, 21in., 5-yrs., 7/3. Postage, 1/3 extra. Length, 22in., 7-yrs., 8/3. Postage, 1/6 extra. Blouse: 2yrs., 4/3. Postage, 3½d. extra. 3yrs., 5/2. Postage, 6½d. extra. 4yrs., 5/9. Postage, 7½d. extra. 5-yrs., 8/11. Postage, 1/1½ extra. 7-yrs., 7/1. Postage, 1/2½ extra.

No. 142.—WAIST TIE APRON

This pretty apron is cut out ready to sew, in a gay grey-and-white printed flower design on bitter-sweet pink, duck-egg blue, or lemon ground. Price, 4/11. Postage, 6½d. extra.

No. 143.—BIB APRON

This useful overall style apron has frilled shoulders and pockets. It is cut out ready to machine in a British floral cotton material with a rose-and-white small-printed design on blue, green, or pink ground. Price, 7/11. Postage, 10½d. extra.

N.B.—When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 140, 141, 142, please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 50.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5595.—A simply styled frock with roll collar and interesting scroll braid trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 6 yds. braid. Price, 1/11.

F5596.—Tailored frock with sharply pointed collar as high fashion note. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F5597.—Spring coat with pocket interest and matching collar and cuffs. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/4.

F5598.—A little boy's smock suit with neat pleats and comfortable sleeves. Sizes 16, 17, and 18in. or 6 months, 1 year, and 2 years. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

F5599.—Boy's shirt and trim, tailored trousers. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material for shirt (largest size) and 1yd. 54in. material for trousers (largest size). Price, 1/11.

F5600.—Five-piece layette. Size, infants. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material, frock; 1½yds. 36in. material, nightgown; 1½yds. 36in. material, cape; 1yd. 36in. material, slip; 1yd. 36in. material, pilchers. Price, 3/6.



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with **WRIGHT'S**
Coal Tar Soap

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Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Mixture That Quickly Darkens it.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Orlex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Orlex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

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SEND 20/- FULL TWENTY DAYS' COURSE.

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3 out of 4

will have
a cold
this
winter!



Here's a word of advice to the three out of four people who will have colds this winter. First, alkaline your system by taking regular doses of Milk of Magnesia. Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids. Have a dependable cough mixture on hand. If your cold persists—see your doctor. There's no room for guesswork where your health is concerned—that's why it's important to look for the name NYAL whenever you buy a medicine.



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SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS